

THE BOMBAY CHRONICLE

EMINENT AMERICANS
WHOM INDIA SHOULD KNOW

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By

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CALCUTTA

1935

Published by
K. N. Chatterjee
120-2, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.

95



Price Rs. 3/-

Printed by Manik Chandra Das
PRABASI PRESS
120-2, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta.

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EMINENT AMERICANS WHOM INDIA SHOULD KNOW

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

No man of modern times is more truly a world-character than Abraham Lincoln. Freedom-loving men and women, of all lands, and all nations, love and honour him. The reason why is plain. All peoples are moving towards democracy, and Lincoln has come to be widely recognized as one of the most conspicuous and truly representative prophets and standard-bearers of democracy that the modern world has produced.

More and more it is coming to be the verdict of men best qualified to judge, in all lands, that the only possible foundation for just government is "the consent of the governed." Everything indicates that civilized men will sooner or later, and inevitably, repudiate all political authority which they themselves have not created or affirmed, and will ultimately be content with nothing short of that form of government described by Lincoln as "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

Something more than half a century ago Abraham Lincoln said:

"No man is good enough to rule another man and no nation is good enough to rule another nation. For a man to rule himself is liberty; for a nation to rule itself is liberty. But for either to rule another is tyranny. If any nation robs another nation of its freedom it does not deserve freedom for itself, and under a just God it will not long retain it."

That word was spoken in America. But it applies also to every nation and every people.

Great Britain claims that she is ruling the people of India for their benefit; that it is best for them to be in subjection to a 'superior nation,' and that she is giving them all the freedom that is good for them. It is interesting to recall that in the days of American slavery slave-owners made exactly the same claim regarding those they held in bondage. In one of his famous speeches (July, 1858, Chicago) Abraham Lincoln, replying to this claim, said:

"This is the same argument that kings have put forth for enslaving the people in all ages of the world.... Turn it whatever way you will, whether it comes from the mouth of a king, or from the mouth of men of one race as a reason for their enslaving the men of some other race, it is the same old serpent. They all say that they bestride the necks of the people not because they want to do this but because the people are so much better off for being thus ridden. You work and I eat. You toil and I will enjoy the fruits of your toil. The arguments are the same and the bondage is the same."

I

The life of Abraham Lincoln, this great leader in the cause of human freedom, may well be an inspiration to India.

Born in Kentucky, a pioneer Southern State, and spending his youth and early manhood in Illinois, a pioneer State of the new West, just in process of reclamation from the wilderness, Abraham Lincoln received little of that kind of education which is obtained in school houses, and none of that given by colleges and universities.

His parents were humble folk, as humble as the parents of Burns, or Luther, or Jesus. And his sympathies were always with the people from whom he sprang. Perhaps this is one of the reasons he is so widely loved. Fortunately even in his poverty he had access to a few books, some of them great books. And how much more valuable for child or man, is one great book than a whole library of insignificant and ephemeral productions such as so many of us are tempted to spend out time upon today! Two of the great books over which he poured in his boyhood, in the field by day and before the log fire in his cabin home at night, were the Bible and Shakespeare. These and the work he had to do—these, and the stern experience of his early years—were his university.

Arriving at manhood, he did whatever came to hand to be done in that pioneer life. He felled the forest trees, and cleared the land and ploughed it, planted and harvested crops and split

rails for fences and built log cabins. He helped to build flat-boats, too, for trade purposes and piloted them down the Sangamon river to the Illinois, down the Illinois river to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. For a time he was clerk in a store. Later he was part owner of a store, but this venture was a failure and left him with a debt on his hands, through an absconding partner. He might have evaded this debt, as more than one advised him to do, but he would not. It took him fourteen years of hard work and much sacrifice to pay it, but he paid it every cent. I speak of this because it was typical of the man, and indicates why men came early to believe in him—first his neighbours and then the whole nation.

For three or four years he was postmaster in a little village. It was jokingly said of him that he was himself the post-office, and carried the mail in his hat. For a few months he was a volunteer in the Black Hawk Indian war. No actual fighting fell to his lot, but he got some valuable experience in association with men. How he was even then beginning to be regarded by those around him is indicated by the fact that his company elected him its captain.

At the age of twenty-five, Lincoln was chosen to represent his district in the lower house of the Illinois State Legislature, where he served three terms. This, too, was a valuable experience. The standing he attained in the legislature is evidenced by the fact that he was the candidate

of his party for the Speakership. A little later he was elected to the National House of Representatives, in Washington. Here he showed where he stood regarding slavery, already a burning question throughout the country, by introducing into the House a bill for its abolition in the District of Columbia.

II

During these early years Lincoln studied law and obtained admission to the bar. For more than twenty-five years he carried on his profession, steadily rising in it until he occupied a foremost position in his State. It is worth while briefly to notice his qualities as a lawyer, because they throw much light upon his character and go far towards accounting for his later success as a political leader.

As a legal practitioner he had three marked characteristics:

First, in all his thinking and speaking he was wonderfully clear. He gathered his facts with exactness, thought out his cases with great thoroughness, and had the power to state them with remarkable simplicity. As a result, the very lucidity often carried conviction to the minds of the jury. Second, he had a fine vein of humour and was an extraordinarily good story-teller, and these gifts he knew how to use with consummate skill in making his pleas. And, third, he took the highest stand regarding honesty and honour in his profession. He would stoop to no tricks.

Nothing could induce him to sell his service to a man he believed to be a rogue. He would not try to clear the guilty. He would do his best to see that nobody suffered who was innocent, and if a man was guilty he would endeavour to prevent his receiving unjust punishment; but he would never employ his talents to defeat the ends of what he believed to be justice. The result was that judges and juries everywhere learned to rely upon his statements and to trust him, all of which gave him an enormous advantage.

Still further, he always discouraged litigation and advised people to settle their difficulties peaceably, if possible. He indignantly repudiated the idea that honesty is not compatible with successful practice at the bar. And he proved the contrary in his own life. To a young man contemplating the legal profession, he said: "If you do not believe that you can be an honest lawyer, then resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you, in advance, confess yourself to be a knave." But he strenuously contended that lawyers need not be knaves; but may attain success—the highest success—with scrupulous integrity and honour throughout their career.

All through the years of his legal practice Lincoln did a great deal of political speaking. From the first, he was popular and widely sought for. His characteristics as a speaker were much the same that marked him as a lawyer, namely—

absolute candour and fairness; wonderfully clear thinking which went straight as an arrow to the heart of every question under discussion; ability to state his thought with a simplicity and lucidity that compelled the dullest mind to understand, and at the same time a force of statement and delivery that carried everything before it. His great heart and his great sympathy with the people, too, were important elements in his popular power. And his stories and his humour were as effective here as in the court-room.

III

He was particularly effective in political debates, and these became increasingly popular. There were a number of men of marked ability in the State at that time, some of them of national fame. Perhaps the most conspicuous of these was Stephen A. Douglass, who for years represented Illinois in the United States Senate and became an acknowledged leader in that body. The most famous of Lincoln's debates was with Douglass, in 1858. Each debater was a foeman worthy of the other's steel. The two men met for joint discussion in seven of the most important political centres of the State, the question at issue being the one then agitating the whole country—Ought slavery to be extended into the new territories? It is doubtful if abler political speaking was ever heard in America, or on a theme more exciting or felt to be more vital to the nation's existence. It not only drew great crowds and deeply stirred the

whole State, but it also attracted attention all over the nation. From that time on, Lincoln was a national character. Men began to predict for him the highest things, and to mention his name in connection with the Presidency. Two years later, in 1860, he was nominated for this office, the highest within the gift of the people, and was elected by a very decisive majority.

The time was one of crisis—of tremendous national crisis over the subject of slavery. The Southern States of the nation had long held negro slaves, had found slavery financially profitable, and had defended it as right, indeed as a divine institution supported by the Bible. On the other hand, in the Northern States there was no slavery, although formerly there had been. While the country was a group of colonies under British rule, before their separation from the mother nation, slavery was practically universal. But gradually there had arisen a public sentiment against it, as inhuman and wrong. By the time of the Declaration of Independence most of the colonies in the North had freed their slaves, and it was a question warmly debated when the new nation was founded and a national constitution was adopted, whether slavery should or should not be everywhere prohibited. But slavery still existed in the South and was popular there; and so it was left undisturbed.

This was a mistake. It planted a seed of contention, of antagonism, in the very heart of the nation. Conscientious men and women, espec-

ally in the North, more and more asked the questions: Was it right for the Southern States to continue to hold human beings in bondage? When slaves escaped, as many did, from the South into the free States of the North, was it right for the northern authorities to give them up and allow them to be forcibly taken back into slavery? Was it right to allow slavery to be introduced into the new territories of the West, which were being settled and admitted into the National Union as new States? These were questions that could not be silenced. As a result, the two sections of the country became growingly distrustful of one another and to an extent hostile, and there began to be a talk in some of the Southern States of separation, of secession from the Union, so that they might be free to retain their "sacred institution."

For many years before the election of Lincoln to the Presidency, there had been a strong Anti-Slavery Party in the North. Although he was not himself directly connected with it, yet he was strongly in sympathy with its general principles, and hence his election was regarded as an anti-slavery victory. Indeed, the leading issue of the election campaign (and it was a very burning issue) was the question of whether slavery should be allowed in the new territories. On this question Lincoln said 'no,' with a voice the most eloquent and convincing of any man in the Nation. As a consequence of his election, there was tremendous excitement all over the South, and threats

of secession multiplied fast. Of course, if these threats were carried out, such an action on the part of the South would mean war; all understood that. With all his soul Lincoln hated war. If any human being could have prevented that four years of bloodshed that followed, it seemed indeed that he was the man. But party feeling ran so high, the relations between North and South had become so greatly strained, that even Lincoln's offer that the Government should buy the freedom of every slave could not avert the crisis.

The South would not brook any interference with slavery, and would not be reconciled. It raised an army, captured a government fort and began military operations in several quarters. A number of States formally withdrew from the Federal Union and set up a government of their own. Thus an armed conflict was begun.

At the beginning of the second year of the war, Lincoln issued the proclamation of emancipation of every slave in the land. Taking the initiative in this way, he disconcerted and discouraged the South, united the factions in the North, and opened an important new source of recruits for the Northern army through the enlistment of negro troops.

Towards the close of the war came the second candidacy of Lincoln for the Presidency with a tremendous effort made by the combined forces of disloyalty and timidity to defeat him on the ground that the war was a failure and should be stopped at once, and that the independence of the

seceding States should be recognized. But the great heart of the North was true to the National Union and to the cause of freedom for the Slave. Lincoln was triumphantly re-elected. And from this time on hope sprang up in every heart. Victories in the field multiplied. It was evident that the end of the terrible war could not be far off.

When at last peace was declared, the word rang across the land like a message from heaven, and there was rejoicing as if the whole nation had been released from prison. Thanksgiving rose to God from millions of hearts for the unspeakable blessings of peace,—peace with the Nation one and undivided, and free for ever from the terrible curse of human slavery.

But alas! In an hour, in a moment all was changed! Noon became midnight. The sun seemed turned to darkness in the mid-heavens. Lincoln was dead, assassinated! One can hardly imagine the shock, the grief that fell upon the Nation's heart.

Walt Whitman has described that black moment, likening the Nation to a ship, with Lincoln as her captain; this ship has had a voyage of terrible storms and dangers, but at last all are surmounted and she has reached port in safety, and there is joy in every heart. But stop! Suddenly, amid the rejoicing, the cry is raised from white lips—"Where is he, the stout heart, the Captain, to whose courage the success of the voyage is due?"

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
The bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle thrills.
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shore
a-crowding,

For you they call—the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck where my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

IV

The country's shock and grief was not merely because a President had been taken away; but because the man struck down was one whom a whole nation had learned to love and trust, whom everyone had come to regard as above all others the Nation's saviour. Nor was the mourning confined to the North. Throughout the long and terrible experiences of the war, evidence had come in a thousand ways to the people of the South that the great heart at the head of the Nation in Washington cared equally for them and that he saved

them suffering in every way in his power, and was their truest friend. And so from many eyes in the South as well as in the North, sincere tears fell over this loss that the whole land had suffered.

As we look back upon events now, it is hard to tell whether the death of Lincoln at that time was not an even greater calamity to the South than to the North. In the long and difficult task of reconstruction in the South, of helping the States so sadly devastated by war, to rebuild their homes, to re-establish their industries, to recover from the awful losses which they had suffered, and to take their places once more as integral parts of the Nation—in all this work no one would have been so wise, so just, so large-minded, so considerate of the needs and feelings of the Southern people, as would Lincoln, if only he had been spared. How many injustices he would have prevented, how many wounds he would have healed!

And besides this, no one else would have so wisely befriended and helped the newly freed negroes as would the man who freed them. It is not strange therefore that the negroes felt his loss to be an irreparable one, and mourned him with a sorrow that words could not express.

Though the Southern States fought to retain slavery and gave it up only when forced to do so by the bitter arbitrament of the sword, yet what they then felt to be so terrible a loss turned out to be really a great gain, an unspeakable good. Nearly all White people in the South now see this, and frankly admit it. If the opportunity were

offered them to restore slavery, they would not do it. Thus out of their very defeat there came a blessing of a kind that they could not then foresee, and greater than they even yet fully understand, a blessing not only to them, but to their children, and their children's children.

“God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day.”

V

And if the abolition of slavery was a benefit to the White population, it was, of course, of still greater benefit to the coloured. It changed their whole status. From being mere chattels, things bought and sold, it made them human beings, opening to them for the first time the possibility of becoming fully developed men and women. When first liberated, they were, of course, scarcely wiser or more capable of self-direction than children. Slavery had kept them irresponsible, and would have continued to arrest their development. The White citizens, who were stronger and wiser than they because of the superior advantage they had so long enjoyed, ought to have taken them by the hand as soon as the war was over, and should have helped them in every way until they became able to stand on their own feet and direct their own lives. A few did this, but with the majority there was much bitter feeling against these poor men and women who had already been so grievously sinned against in their

long bondage, and there was much friction instead of friendliness.

And yet, with even so little assistance as they have received, what wonderful advance *these slaves of yesterday have already made! Instead of being disappointed that they have not accomplished more, when we look at the facts before us we may well be amazed that they have achieved so much. Tens of thousands of men and women in adult life taught themselves to read and write. All over the land, their children are in school. Everywhere they are proving themselves to be increasingly industrious, careful for the future, and as a result everywhere they are becoming owners of property, of homes, of workshops, farms, mills, stores, industries of various kinds, and even of banks. A wonderful work has been done for the coloured people through their own leaders, such as Booker Washington, and through such schools of their own as the Tuskegee Institute—schools that are training thousands of young men and women to go out through all parts of the South to teach others of their race, not only to read and write, but equally to work with their hands, to be shoemakers and blacksmiths, to carry on farming and market-gardening in improved ways, to spin and weave and sew and cook and care properly for their homes and their children. If Abraham Lincoln were alive today and could see all this, how profoundly he would rejoice!

Speaking at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, Dr. Robert P. Moton,

who is now President of Tuskegee Institute, and has in many other ways taken Booker Washington's place as a leader of his people, said, as representative of the coloured citizens of America:

“In all this vast assemblage there can be none more grateful to Abraham Lincoln than are the twelve million black Americans who devoutly honour him as the author of their freedom. There is no question that Abraham Lincoln died to save the Union; but he also died to free the slaves of America. Some may ask—Has his sacrifice been justified? Has his martyrdom brought forth any worthy fruits? I speak for the Negro race when I say that my people love their country and have endeavoured to serve it in peace as faithfully as in war. In spite of the many difficulties under which they have laboured, in spite of many limitations within and restrictions without, they have been one of the country's greatest assets in developing its resources of nearly every kind. The industry, integrity and thrift of the Negro people have, in the comparatively short space of sixty years of freedom, acquired the ownership of more than 22,000,000 acres of land, 600,000 homes, and 45,000 churches. Negroes also own 68 banks, 100 insurance companies and 50,000 business enterprises, with a capital of more than \$150,000,000. Besides all this, there are within the race in this country 60,000 professional men, 44,000 school teachers and some four hundred newspapers and magazines. The general illiteracy of the Negro people has been reduced to about twenty per cent. And still my people are, I believe, only at the threshold of their true development; so that if anything on earth could justify the sacrifice of so great a man as Lincoln, it is this, that a race possessing such capacity for advancement, has taken fullest advantage of its freedom to develop its latent powers. Surely, a race that has produced a Frederick Douglas in the midst of slavery, and a Booker Washington in the aftermath of reconstruction, has justified its emancipation.”

VI

Adequately to understand Lincoln's high character and his service to the world as well as to his own country, we must consider a few other

aspects and qualities, besides those that made it possible for him to take the leadership in the time of struggle for freedom of the Negro. He believed in liberty for all men; he watched with eager sympathy the struggle in his time for popular government in Hungary, Poland, and other countries; his interest was on the side of the oppressed everywhere. If he were alive today, I believe no man would be more profoundly interested than he in India's just struggle for freedom and nationhood.

He would also be earnestly in sympathy with India in her heroic efforts to free herself from the curse of intoxicating liquors and opium. Throughout his life, Lincoln was an ardent supporter of the cause of temperance. He saw in the habit of drink a slavery almost as terrible as the chattel-slavery of the Negroes, and he was consistent and courageous enough to make himself equally the opponent of both. In public life as well as in private, even when he was at the head of the nation, he never touched any kind of intoxicating drink. Thus by his example and in every other way that he could, he threw his influence against this terrible evil which destroys so many lives. On the very day of his assassination, Lincoln, in conversation with a lifelong friend, said:

"Our next great work, with the help of the whole country, will be the overthrow of the legalized liquor traffic. My heart, my mind, my hand and my purse will go into that work. Long ago I predicted that there would come a day when there would be neither a slave nor a drunkard in all

this land. I have lived to see one prediction fulfilled. I hope it will not be long before the other is realized."

VII

Abraham Lincoln was a deeply religious man, though not in the usually accepted sense of that term. His faith may be best described as Liberal Christianity. The religious writer whose works he read with most interest and agreement was the great Unitarian preacher, Theodore Parker, from whom he borrowed that felicitous phrase which he afterwards made immortal—"Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

It was no accident that Lincoln was a liberal in religion. He recognized that a man cannot consistently believe in political freedom without believing in freedom in every department of human life. A democratic State implies a State of free souls, and free souls must always elevate reason and conscience (God's voice within) to an authority above all external and material things, whether creeds or ecclesiastical decrees or sacred books or traditions. During the time of his presidency, Lincoln said of himself:

"I have never united myself with any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without much mental reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize the usual confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification for membership, the teaching of Jesus in which he summed up all religion—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself, that church I will join with all my heart and with all my soul."

As a matter of fact, he belonged to the greatest and best of all churches, the unseen church of the Spirit, wider than any creed or ecclesiastical organization, of which it has been written:

“Her priests are all God’s faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love her communion cup.
The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy’s errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.”

VIII

Lincoln is often spoken of as a teller of stories, chiefly humorous stories. This is true. But his humour was never of a trivial character. Humour was his relaxation. And with all his seriousness, he knew the great value of relaxation. Without this ability, this means of relief, the tremendous load of care and responsibility that he carried, especially throughout the war, would have crushed him. Except for his ability to turn aside occasionally from the strain of the affairs of State, on which hung so many lives and the fate of his country, he would doubtless have succumbed mentally as well as physically to the burdens of that terrible time.

Perhaps it may prove of interest if I note the fact, gradually becoming more widely known, that Lincoln was a great master in the use of the English language, really a great literary artist, the possessor of a style in speech and writing that

ranks with the best in our language. This is the more remarkable considering the fact of his origin and lack of schooling.

Edwin Markham, himself a man of the soil, a blacksmith by trade in his early years, but now ranking among our most virile poets, has written of Lincoln:

“The colour of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odour of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside wall;
The tolerance and equity of light,
Giving as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave’s low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky . . .

And so he came,
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
For ever more he burned to do his deed,
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
So came the Captain with the mighty heart
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wresting the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The framework of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.”

Lincoln was a great president because he was called to lead his nation at a time of great issues,

was given a greater task than was ever required of any other American president (with the possible exception of Wilson) and brought to his task a wisdom of experience, a seasoned judgment, a largeness of view and depth of insight, a patience and sympathy with all classes and kinds of people, a personality to control men and their actions, which are, I think, unsurpassed in American history.

What an asset do the people of America possess, what an asset does humanity as a whole possess, what an asset do the people of India possess, in the teachings and the example of this great democrat, this mighty lover of freedom and humanity, this man of the people, who lived so near to the people, believed in them, loved them, trusted them, who drew his highest inspiration from the people, whose loftiest ambition was to serve the people, and who lived and died that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people might not perish from the earth!"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Near the middle of the last century two brilliant groups of writers appeared in the English-speaking world,—one in Great Britain and the other in the United States of America.

To the English group belong Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Newman, Ruskin, Tennyson and Browning.

The American group is not less illustrious. It contains the names of James Fennimore Cooper, America's earliest novelist—a writer of powerful stories about the American aborigines, and also about adventures on the sea; Washington Irving, the essayist, historian and humorist, who is sometimes called the American Addison; Edgar Allan Poe, a fanciful and striking poet and a writer of weird romances; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a poet of varied and rich gifts who has attained a world-wide fame, whose poems are said to be read even in England more than those of Tennyson; James Russell Lowell, a poet of distinction and the most eminent literary critic that America has produced; Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, humorist, novelist and brilliant essayist, author of the famous "Breakfast Table" series of books; John Greenleaf Whittier, "the good Quaker poet"—the best known and most loved religious poet of America; Nathaniel Hawthorne, America's greatest novelist; Henry D. Thoreau, a very remarkable literary interpreter of nature; Walt Whitman, a poet whose rugged style defies

all literary rules, but whose fresh, stimulating and daring thought gives him many admirers on both sides of the Atlantic; Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens), a humorist whose books are read and enjoyed in all lands; and, finally, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the essayist, poet and thinker, of whom I wish here to speak.

When we come to compare these American writers one with another, of course, we find no single one superior to the rest in all respects. One is superior in one way and another in another. But I think it is the almost universal judgment that, taken all in all, the first place—the place of greatest distinction—clearly belongs to Emerson. It is true that some other writers are in a way more popular. Longfellow is more widely read; so doubtless are several novelists and humorists. But Emerson is read by the intellectual and thoughtful classes—by those who influence the thought and life of the people—far more than any other author of the New World.

Nor is his influence confined to America. It is greater in England than that of any other American writer, as probably it is also on the European continent. Into Asia, too, his writings have penetrated or are penetrating widely. The year before the Great War it was the fortune of the present writer to make an extended lecture tour through Japan, China and India, and, to my surprise and gratification, I was often asked to speak on Emerson, especially in colleges and universities and before literary societies. On one

occasion after delivering a lecture on this subject before the Faculty and students of a prominent college in Tokyo, I was interested to be told that for a long time there had been in the college a large and enthusiastic Emerson class, taught by the Principal, a class which at that time contained more than two hundred members. I found Emerson's works in nearly all the important libraries of the Orient. And among literary men, educators and religious teachers I seldom failed to discover a considerable degree of knowledge of the writings of this American thinker and teacher, and almost invariably a lively interest in his thought.

Why was this? Probably it was because Emerson's thought has in it a universal intellectual quality which carries it beyond all national and even continental boundaries; and also because it has an ethical and spiritual quality which makes it peculiarly welcome in the Orient.

Several years ago Principal Heramba Chandra Maitra, of City College, Calcutta, made a visit to America, giving a series of lectures in one of the American Theological colleges and lecturing and preaching in a number of large cities. Before a national conference of Unitarian ministers he read a paper on Emerson which attracted much attention and was published in the *Harvard Theological Review*. In that paper he said: "I recognize a close affinity between the thought of Emerson and that of the Orient. Emerson's teachings breathe a new life into our old faith.

They assure its stability, and its progress, by incorporating with it precious new truths revealed or brought into prominence by the wider intellectual and ethical outlook of the modern spirit." If Principal Maitra's understanding of Emerson is correct, it is no wonder that his writings are more and more attracting attention and growing in favour in the East.

Emerson was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1803, and died in Concord, a village near by, in 1882. His parents and ancestors were persons of intelligence, education and high character, but not of wealth. His father was a Christian minister living in Boston, who died when his son, Ralph Waldo, was only eight years old, leaving a widow and four or five children. The mother was left with little means, and the struggle which she had to undergo in order to support and educate her family was severe. In after-life Emerson often referred to the hardships of those days as among the greatest benefits of his life, because, he said, they taught him industry, economy, resourcefulness, self-reliance, and courage in facing and overcoming obstacles.

Partly through the aid of his mother and partly by his own persistent exertions he was able to obtain a good education in the schools of Boston and in Harvard College.

His aim in life was to be a Christian minister as his father had been. With this in mind he studied divinity for a time with Dr. Channing, the eminent Unitarian preacher and philanthrop-

ist, and settled as pastor of a church in Boston. In this position he remained four years; but by the end of that time he had become convinced that his life-work was not to be that of a settled minister of a single church, but rather that of a writer and public lecturer. He wished still to devote his life to moral and religious teaching, but he believed he could do so best through his pen and on the public lecture-platform.

Accordingly, he went out to the little village of Concord, a quiet place, twenty miles or so from Boston, in the midst of sweet New England country scenery, and there made for himself a home, which he occupied for the rest of his life. For many years he continued to preach much, in the various towns and villages in the vicinity of his home, but he never accepted a stated charge; and more and more his writing and lecturing came to absorb his time and strength.

The reason he chose Concord as a place of residence seems to have been partly that this had been the home of some of his ancestors, and partly that it was a lovely and quiet spot near enough to the metropolis to afford him easy access to the city's activities and privileges, and yet far enough away to give him the retirement and peace of the country. His home amid these rural surroundings was to Emerson much what Rydal Mount was to Wordsworth and what Santiniketan is to Rabindranath Tagore. Writing of his settlement there he says: "I am by nature a poet, and therefore must live in the country." And how

truly nature was his companion through all the well-nigh forty-five years of his residence amidst her fields and woods, her brooks and flowers and quiet paths, every reader of his books well knows.

Nature is to every human soul what that soul makes her to be. To the soul that can perceive it, she is an infinite wonder, a teacher whose lessons are new every morning and fresh every evening, a never-failing fountain of joy and inspiration. She was all this to Emerson, else he could never have given to the world such a wealth of poetry and wisdom drawn from nature's heart.

Emerson bought a little farm in Concord. Writing later of his purchase he said:

"When I bought my farm I did not know what a bargain I had in the bluebirds, bobolinks and thrushes, which were not charged in the bill. As little did I guess what sublime mornings and sunsets I was buying, what reaches of landscape, and what fields and lanes for a tramp. Neither did I fully consider what indescribable luxury is our Indian river, which runs parallel with the village street, and to which every house in that long street has a back door through the garden to the river bank . . . Still less did I know what good and true neighbours I was buying; men of thought and virtue..I did not know what groups of interesting school boys and school girls were to greet me in the highways and take hold of one's heart at the school exhibitions."

Emerson's love of nature was constant and very ardent. Some said it ate up his love of men. But such do not know Emerson well. His friendships were always warm and sincere; his interest in his neighbours, even the poorest, was striking and beautiful. He used often to chat with the farmers at their work; he had personal acquaintance and friendship with the humblest day-labour-

ers; he loved and was loved by the school children; he was a general favourite in the village. Everything that pertained to the welfare of the community he was interested in. Nor did his love of men stop with his personal friends, and neighbours, and the town where he resided. It reached out far—to all humanity, and especially to all who suffered or were wronged.

Few genuine reforms of the half century preceding his death, from the anti-slavery cause to the movement to enlarge the sphere of woman, failed to receive his support. The reform methods with which he most sympathized were not violent. The ways of Garrison and Wendell Philips and Theodore Parker were not his way. He preferred gentle words to severe. And yet, his position upon the anti-slavery question was not equivocal, and there were times when he spoke words as stinging with indignation and protest as any from the lips of Garrison. Few men of his generation uttered wiser, calmer, more weighty or braver words upon any of the great subjects that most deeply concerned the moral, religious, social, political, or even industrial life of his country and age.

For more than forty years there were few places in America, or in any other land, to which came so many noble spirits as to that simple Concord home. The wisest and best men and women of America were Emerson's friends, and loved to sit down at his fireside. Distinguished visitors from the old world eagerly sought him in his re-

treat. Few homes were so charming. But it was simplicity itself, as the man was all simplicity. Indeed, its simplicity and genuineness were its charm. Pretensions could not live within its walls. Truth and sincerity, sympathy and love, were the guardian spirits that habitually dwelt there. No wonder, therefore, that men and women, alike the humble and the great, loved to enter.

Emerson's general plan of life during most of his Concord years, was to give three or four months of each winter to public lecturing—the winter being the best season for that work—and devote the rest of the year to quiet study, thinking and writing at home.

His common habit when at home was to spend his forenoons at hard work in his library or study, and his afternoons out of doors, either alone or with a chance companion, rambling in the fields or woods, rowing on the water, lying on the grass in the meadow or by a brook-side, observing the eternal beauty and change of nature, and studying her marvellous secrets. And what rest, healing and peace he found in nature!

He wrote of himself:

“A woodland walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild rose or rock-loving columbine
Salve my worst wounds.”

His distinguished friend and neighbour, Bronson Alcott, once wrote concerning Emerson:

“Fortunate the visitor who is permitted to join the poet in the afternoon walks to Walden, the Cliffs, or elsewhere,—

Hours to be remembered as unlike any other in the calendar of experiences. Shall I describe them as sallies, oftenest into cloud-lands,—into scenes and intimacies ever new, none the less novel or remote than when first experienced?—interviews, however, bringing their own trail of perplexing thoughts,—costing some days' duties, several nights' sleep sometimes, to restore one to his place and poise. Certainly safer not to venture without the sure credentials, unless one will have his pretensions pricked, his conceits reduced in their vague dimensions. But to the modest, the ingenuous, the gifted—welcome! Nor can any bearing be more poetic and polite to all such,—to youth and accomplished women especially. His is a faith approaching to superstition concerning admirable persons, the rumour of excellence of any sort being like the arrival of a new gift to mankind, and he the first to proffer his recognition and hope."

Emerson gained popularity as a lecturer only very slowly. After settling in Concord he gave a series of lectures in Boston each winter for several years, in a hall which he himself hired for the purpose. His audiences are said to have been small. Besides giving these lectures he went wherever there were calls, speaking upon literary, historical, biographical, political or religious subjects,—but always with a high ethical purpose in view, always so treating his themes as to make them alive with quickening thought, electrical with fine feeling, challenges to just judgments, trumpet calls to courageous, manly and noble living.

We are told that to one who wrote in the earlier part of his career inviting him to the distant western city of Cincinnati to deliver a lecture, he replied: "Why, my dear Sir, you have not a hall in Cincinnati small enough to hold the audience that will come out to hear me." But slowly his fame grew: and for many years he had all the lecture engagements he could fill.

Rather early in his public life he was invited over to England to deliver a series of lectures before various Mechanics' Institutes. Perhaps the class of hearers which these Institutes furnished was not the best adapted to grasp such thought as he had to present. We are told that at one of his lectures two young mechanics were sitting together trying hard to follow him, but with little success. By and by one whispered to the other, "I say, Jim, don't you think that may be we could understand him better if we stood on our heads?" One does not wonder much at the inquiry. And yet, the difficulty of understanding him lay, after all, perhaps more in the fact that his thought was new than in any want of clearness of expression on his part. If these young mechanics had listened to him a few times, the probability is that before they were aware they would have found his sentences growing strangely luminous, and his thought throwing a spell over them such as they had never known.

If Emerson gained popularity slowly as a lecturer, quite as slowly did he gain public favour as a writer. His first book, *Nature*, was twelve years in reaching a sale of five hundred copies! Today the works of few writers, outside the realm of fiction, have so large or so steadily increasing a sale, and not only in America, but in England, and wherever the English language is spoken. Of no American writer is it so true, that he "comes to his own," and "his own sheep hear his voice." But the minds that receive him are the

best minds. He teaches the teachers; he preaches to the preachers; he writes poetry for the poets; he thinks for the thinkers: and this in every land where his works are read.

Emerson has been called the American Carlyle, the American Coleridge, the American Wordsworth, the American Bacon, the American Goethe, the American Plato, according as men have looked at different aspects of his thought or literary work. He may well remind us of many men; yet he is as individual, as thoroughly himself, as any modern writer. If originality can be said to belong to any author of modern times, then Emerson is original.

It is hard to say whether Emerson is greatest as a poet or as a prose writer. Indeed, it is not always quite easy to tell just which of his writings are poetry and which are prose. But whether he writes in verse or prose, his thought is always that of the poet. It is pictured thought. It is thought transformed by a powerful imagination into forms of life. His poetry ranges from the simplest—as simple as anything in Longfellow or Burns—to the most profound—as profound as anything in Wordsworth, or Goethe, or Browning. He is always more intent upon his thought than upon its forms; sometimes therefore his rhymes are somewhat faulty and his metres limp. He seems to have a sort of disdain of poetical rules; the great thing with him always is to make his thought flash and burn, or pierce like an arrow.

And yet some of his poems are as simple and as perfect in form as anything in the language. By American scholars, thinkers and religious leaders his poetry is very much prized and quoted.

Turning to Emerson's prose writings, it may be noted that his Phi Beta Kappa oration on "The American Scholar," delivered at Harvard University (then Harvard College) early in his public career, has often been pointed to, and, perhaps, with good reason, as marking an era in American letters. Its effect at the time of its delivery was certainly great. It is hard to point to any other single utterance or production in American literary history that has been so awakening or so influential. I would strongly advise anyone who has not read his works, but who purposes to do so, to begin with this address.

Emerson cannot be regarded as the father of American literature, for many books of considerable worth had been written before his day. But he has been called, and with much truth, the emancipator of American literature. When he came on the scene American writers of both prose and poetry were generally timid, afraid to stand on their own feet. Each writer in the new land thought he must follow patterns and precedents in England or on the Continent of Europe. Emerson said, "This is bondage; we must break the bonds. Imitation means weakness; it means sterility; it means death. Let us no longer be content to remain children. It is time we were men. Let us begin to see with our own eyes, and to

report what we see. Let us begin to think for ourselves, and write what we think. Then will the New World of America begin to produce books worth reading, and the Old World will begin to respect our literature and us." With Emerson's great Harvard address, America's spirit of imitation and bondage began to pass away, and a new spirit of self-respect and of independence, came in its place. If the literature of America for the past sixty or seventy years has been as fresh, as original and as virile as any in the world, the credit is due to Emerson far more than to any other writer.

No one can understand Emerson unless he bears in mind that he is by nature a prophet, a seer, not a logician. His aim is simply to give you his thought, and you are to accept it or reject it according as it seems to you true, or not; according as it meets your need, or not. He will not press it on you; he will not even attempt to prove its value. Of that you must be the judge. He is not a logician; he makes no attempt at logic, he does not care for logic. He wants to show, to reveal, to help you to see for yourself. His method is to enunciate, not to prove; to state, not to argue. He cares far more to flash truth on you, to make you vividly see its reality and deeply feel its beauty and power, than to give you any amount of reasoning about it or any mere logical demonstration of it.

This absence of logic, of formal processes of reasoning, causes his writings sometimes to

seem fragmentary, his ideas disconnected. But this is chiefly on the surface. Look deep enough and you find there is a connection, there is a unity, there is a very vital relation between his thoughts, even if not always a logical one.

Growing out of this is another characteristic of his writings,—they are remarkable for their affirmations. It follows that they are seldom controversial. True, he can deny if there is need for it; his books contain many vigorous negations. But the thing he loves is to affirm,—to affirm without any reference to anyone else's opinion. He never answers his critics or reviewers. Whatever they say about his ideas, he does not turn aside to reply, but goes right on and delivers his next message, and the next and the next. He affirms and evermore affirms his *own* thought, he does not combat *yours*. Thus he does not needlessly offend, and you are willing to receive from him ideas far more advanced than you would receive from a more combative mind. This is one reason, doubtless, why his thought is so influential, why it spreads so widely, why it is accepted in so many quarters where we should suppose there would be only hostility to it. If he more than any other writer is the leader of thought in the Western world, this is an important element in the explanation. Instead of fighting men's errors, he shows men new truths,—truths so self-evidencing and so splendid that in the bright light of them the errors silently creep away ashamed into the dark corners, and are left behind and lost.

If Emerson's place in literature is great, it is also somewhat peculiar. More than almost any other writer he is read for his thought. His style exactly fits his thought, but it is for his thought that he is sought and prized,—the freshness of his thought, its keenness and penetration, its subtlety, its daring; its power to interest, rouse, startle, and inspire; its power to awaken dissent and protest, and yet in the end to compel assent, even against our will; its power to break up our old conceits, prejudices and ignorances and to lead us to enlightenment, sometimes without our quite knowing it; its power to charm us, and by its charm to lead us from lower to higher ideals, whether we will or no; its power to turn the world and humanity and our own ideas upside down, and inside out, and yet to restore all to us again created anew, and more beautiful, more wonderful, more normal and more right than they were before. Such has always been, and still is, the wonderful power and charm of Emerson's thought to thousands.

All of Emerson's writings, both prose and poetry, are wonderfully full of sententious lines, short, apt, pregnant sentences, which fasten themselves in men's minds and become current coin of quotation. No other American writer, perhaps no other writer in the English language, with the single exception of Shakespeare, is quoted so much. If Emerson's mind is less many-sided than Shakespeare's, his spiritual insight, his grasp on great moral principles, and his power to con-

dense his thought so as to pack a volume into a dozen striking words, is beyond that of Shakespeare—I believe it is beyond that of any other western writer, living or dead. To make quotations from his works illustrating this is a very easy task. One has scarcely more to do than to open any one of his volumes; prose or verse, at any random page, and read. Here is a little handful of pearls and diamonds, such as lie scattered all through his rich pages. I give them merely as specimens, choosing such as are most familiar and mainly from his poems:

“If eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.”

“The conscious stone to beauty grew.”

“He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.”

“To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint all things
are sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men
divine.”

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies, ‘I can.’”

“Go, put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.”

“For he that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the stars out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.”

“Give me breath and a day, and I will make the pomp
of emperors ridiculous.”

“Reverence God, and where you go men shall think
they walk in hallowed cathedrals.”

"When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn."

"Unlovely, nay, frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world."

"Don't say things. What you *are* stands over you and thunders so loud that I cannot hear what you say."

"What is Heaven but the fellowship of minds that can each stand against the world."

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

"On bravely, through the sunshine and the showers!
Time hath work to do, and we have ours."

"His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

"Lowly listening we shall hear the right word."

"The ideal life haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are."

"Alas! that *things* are in the saddle, and ride mankind."

"Our dissatisfaction with any other solution, is the blazing evidence of immortality."

"Shallow men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect."

"The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it."

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

Where shall we stop? As well ask where to stop when we begin counting the stars of the night-sky, or gathering flowers from the endless meadows of spring.

There was much of a mystic in Emerson. In his earlier years they called him a "transcen-

dentalist." In his latter years he left some of that behind, but he always retained a strong element of mysticism in his thought. Perhaps without it he could not have been a poet. But all was balanced by an element of keen, clear commonsense that runs through all his thinking and writing. He never "loses his head." If his thought has wings, it also has feet that stand firm on the solid earth. If he is a mystic, or a transcendentalist, he is also a very practical "Yankee." With all his philosophy and all his idealism, he dearly loves facts. He fairly revels in facts—facts as foundations for his thinking, facts as teachers of lessons, facts as illustrations—facts of every kind, near and remote, common and uncommon, sometimes erudite, sometimes homely, often quaint, but always flashing new and unexpected light on the subject in hand. Thus while he is one of the subtlest of thinkers, and one of the most daring, he is also one of the sanest. His love for facts and reality keep him from running off, as many thinkers who leave the old paths do, into wild speculations and baseless "fads" and "isms."

Emerson had a wonderful respect for personality,—for the individuality of every human being, no matter how humble. He treated every one with deference,—a deference which he sincerely felt. He believed that each human soul is a new and original creation, different from every other soul, with distinct gifts and a distinct place to fill in the world, with an original and important, even

if limited, contribution to make to the world's thought and feeling and life. Hence, the importance of each person being given freedom to live his own life and think his own thought, and thus be able to make his contribution. Emerson was one of the best of conversationists because he was one of the best of listeners. And he was one of the best of listeners because he respected every human soul and believed that absolutely every person has ideas and feelings that are worth attention from the wisest minds.

Emerson was a profound believer in science. He followed its wonderful discoveries with deepest interest. He saw in it a new, and marvellous, and many-sided, and ever-growing revelation of God. But, of course, he saw it all with the eyes of the seer, the thinker, the poet, and he interpreted its teachings and deductions in the light of his own idealism. He would have science a living not a dead thing. He would have it vivified and glorified by creative insight, by imagination, by poetry, by religion. While he honoured scientists above most men, yet for those scientists who begin with matter and end with matter, who investigate matter and contend that that is all there is, he had little respect. To scientists he said—

“Bring on your facts: the more, the better. I bow reverently before every one. But I beg of you, gentlemen, do not study one-half of the universe alone, and that the lower and poorer half. Bring me facts and deductions about souls as well as bodies, about spirit as well as matter. Is not a man more important than a fossil and the mighty mind of man that can weigh and measure the stars than a bug?”

Emerson rejoiced in the power which modern

science has given man over the forces of nature, enabling him in marvellous ways to harness wind and water and steam and electricity and make them his servants. He rejoiced in inventions and machinery. But he did not rejoice in the uses to which too often they are put. They ought to be liberators of men, and enlargers of men's lives; whereas too often they are allowed to enslave men, brutalize them, turn them into human machines.

Too often this great new power is used to increase the wealth of the unscrupulous and sordid, to multiply useless luxuries which injure and debase. Of course, this is not the fault of the inventions or the machinery, but of their bad use. The trouble lies in men's selfishness, greed and low aims. As Emerson puts it, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." This is fatal. Men and governments must learn (Emerson believed that sooner or later they will learn, even if through much suffering and disaster) to keep humanity in the saddle, and to use "things", including science and all machinery, for the liberation, for the uplift, for the real benefit of humanity.

Emerson was a believer in Evolution, even before Darwin. In geology and other sciences he read the marvellous story of the earth's onward and upward history, from fire-mist to water and rock, then to soil, then to the lowest forms of vegetable and animal life, then to higher and ever higher: until man is reached. "It is a long

way from granite to the oyster; further yet to Plato, and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come as surely as the first atom has two sides."

"Striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

Emerson saw clearly that evolution is still going on. Man is not yet fully made, but is only in the making.

"We still carry sticking to us remains of our former lower existences." "Still half-buried in the soil, millions are pawing to get free A cultivated man, wise to know and bold to perform, is the end to which Nature works,—is the flowering and result of all geology and astronomy."

How glorious is Emerson's thought of the man of evolution: In his enthusiasm hear him exclaim,—

"O rich and various man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses, the morning and the night and the unfathomable galaxy: in thy brain the geometry of the city of God; in thy heart the power of love and the realms of right and wrong. An individual man is a fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to form and ripen."

Emerson's sense of the essential greatness of human nature is scarcely less than that of Channing. According to his thought there can be no final disaster to man.

"Man is born to a priceless heritage that no three-score-and-ten years of failure here can rob him of. There may be aberration, as of a star, but the soul will come again into its constant orbit."

There are persons who declare evolution godless, who say it drives God from Nature, and

gives us a mechanical universe,—a universe of mere blind matter, or matter and force. Not so to Emerson's thought: To him God is the very secret, the very explanation, the very heart of Evolution, God is

“The Energy that searches through
From chaos to the dawning morrow;
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best.”

To Emerson's thought the whole evolutionary process, from fire-mist to amoeba and from amoeba to Shakespeare and Darwin and Buddha and Jesus, throbs with the very life of God. It is simply God's method of creation; it is God “objectivizing himself,” it is God's ever clearer and clearer shining path of light and splendor as he marches down through the aeons of eternity and time carrying out his plans of infinite wisdom and good. God is the “Over-soul.” His presence, His power, His life, bind the worlds together. The Universe is One because He is One.

“The world is the ring of his spells,
The play of his miracles.
This vault which glows immense with light
Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
He is the axis of the star;
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature,
He is the meaning of each feature.”

Nature is the flowing robe in which God clothes Himself. Stars shine with His light. Roses are beautiful with His beauty. Our dear ones love us with a love which they did not create, but which must have come from a Divine Source

higher than themselves. Thus is God not far removed from us, but central in our lives, the Fountain of our day, the Light of all our seeing, nearer to us, if possible, than we are to ourselves. Such a thought of God as this, an intelligent age can no more reject than it can reject gravitation, or its own rationality.

What is Emerson's view of miracles? The question is really answered by what has been said of his conception of God. With God central in all the ongoings of nature, where is there room for miracle? If the sun moves through the heavens by the power of God, what need is there for that luminary to "stand still" in order to prove his presence! That would rather prove his absence. In the case of an *absentee* God, ruling the world by arbitrary fiat, there might be room for miracles, but not in the case of a God present everywhere, and ruling by law. To Emerson miracles are infinitely petty things, he is indifferent to them; he almost or quite despises them, because they belittle God and religion. Shall the Infinite Power who created all the fig trees in the world, curse one of the number to prove that he is God? Men adduce miracles as proofs of religion. But where is the proof of the miracles? It is a thousand times easier to prove the validity of religion than of these tales of the miraculous that come to us out of the dim past. Religion is something which stands firm on its own basis of human nature and needs no artificial support. When you undertake

to prop it up by miracles, you do the same kind of thing as when you attempt to make the earth firm by placing an imaginary elephant beneath it. Your elephant does not help matters. The earth rests more secure in the mighty unseen hand of that Power which science calls Gravitation, but which religion calls by the greater name of God, than it could rest upon ten thousand elephants. To Emerson the claim of working miracles furnished no credentials to religious teachers; on the contrary such a claim tends to discredit them.

“If you are children, and exhibit your saint or prophet as a worker of wonders, a thaumaturgist, then I am repelled Do not attempt to elevate your religious teachers out of humanity by saying, ‘he is not a man,’—for then you confound him with the fables of every popular religion; and my distrust of him makes me distrust his doctrine as soon as it differs from my own belief. Whoever thinks a story gains by the prodigious, by adding something out of nature, robs it more than he adds. It is no longer an example, a model, that you show me, no longer a heart-stirring hero; but an anomaly, removed out of the range of influence with thoughtful men.”

Nothing is more central in all Emerson’s teaching than his constant appeal to men to be themselves, to think their own thought, to do their own work, to live their own lives, and not be mere echoes of other men. Listen to his ringing words: “It belongs to the brave to trust themselves infinitely, and to sit and hearken alone.” “The whole value of history, of biography, is to increase my self-trust by demonstrating what man can be and do Plato was, and Shakespeare, and Milton,—three irrefragable facts. Then I dare; I also will essay to be.” “Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.” “Whoso

would be a man must be a non-conformist
If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."

"Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There comes a voice without reply,—
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

One who knew Emerson well said, "At his house it is always morning." This was because in his soul there was always morning. His influence in the world has been morning influence. He was a son of the day. His writings shed cheer and hope. If you wish to drive darkness out of the world, he says, let your light shine: then the darkness will go. Never hang a dismal picture on your wall, he urges; never put darkness and gloom into your conversation. Do not be a cynic. Do not be a croaker: leave croaking to frogs. Do not waste your time barking at the bad: chant the beauty of the good. Never worry people with dismal views of politics or society. Never talk discouraging things. Encourage men, that is what they need! If you cannot speak encouraging things, be silent. Seldom name sickness; talk health, talk courage, talk strength. Help somebody. Be a bringer of hope to men.

Emerson is pre-eminently a writer for young men. Young men feel the splendid youthfulness and courage of his spirit. Often and often he says to young men: Have faith in yourselves; dare; you can conquer if you *believe* you can.

You have not yet learned the lesson of life unless you are able every day to overcome a fear.

Emerson read much, and his reading was wide and comprehensive. Bearing in mind that the tissue given him for his existence in this world was the present, and not any past or future age, he endeavoured to keep himself intelligent about all the significant events, all the things of real importance, going on in his day. But the mere passing sensational news, the superficial public gossip, the ephemeral community, or city or state or national or international tattle, which the papers like so well to give the public, he cared little for. He read with interest histories, and books of travel, and fiction, and folk-lore of many peoples, and discoveries of science, and spent much happy time on these and yet his most ardent delight was in great books of thought. I am sure that he followed his advice given to others, "never to read books until they are a year old, and thus avoid wasting time on trash; but his great love was for books of the ages, which had proved their worth by living on from century to century,—Plato, Plutarch and the great tragedians of Greece; Hafiz, the Persian; Confucius of China; the great sacred books of India; the Old Testament of the ancient Hebrews; the New Testament of the early Christians; Chaucer and Shakespeare of England; Swedenborg, the Swede.

Emerson was much interested in Indian literature; I think if he were living today he would be deeply interested in India's struggle to free

herself from bondage. And not only from political bondage, but also from the cultural bondage which long subjection to a foreign power has forced upon her. I think his message to India would be: It is evil and degrading to you to be culture-slaves as to be political slaves. Stand up. Dare. Think your own thought, shape your own education, foster your own genius, build up your own civilization. Determine to create a literature of your own as great in the present as in the past. Only thus can you be worthy of your own respect. Thus and only thus can you contribute your part to the spiritual life of the world.

I now come to Emerson in his supreme capacity, namely, that of a teacher of ethics and religion. No man is more essentially an ethical teacher—none more truly a teacher of religion.

But, in order that this may appear, we must understand what is meant by religion and ethics. Emerson teaches no system of ethics: he teaches no formulated theology. His ethics is the ethics of the Golden Rule; of the normal, happy, right life; of natural, needful, and, therefore, beneficent retributions, here and hereafter. It is the ethics of the soul, of the conscience, of moral intuition, of moral and spiritual law, of the experience of the world.

In the same way his religion is a thing of life and not of forms or creeds. If he can enunciate a moral principle, or a religious truth, so as to make men feel its power, so as to cause

it to commend itself to men's minds, and consciences, and spiritual nature, then he counts his task well done.

To Emerson nature, life, science, law, everything is ethical, "Heaven kindly gave our blood a moral flow." "Things are saturated," he writes, "with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; every change, every course in nature, is nothing but a disguised missionary."

Because nature culminates in the ethical, therefore it culminates in man. Emerson's sense of the dignity of humanity is scarcely less than that of Channing. To Emerson man is not something apart from nature, but the best expression of nature's deep meaning—the crowning product of nature's divine life. Ever nature struggles upward—the lower toward the higher, the higher toward the highest; and in man the highest is reached. In one of his poems Emerson represents nature as saying—

"I travel in pain for him man.
Let war and trade, and creeds and song,
Blend, ripen race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days."

No writer holds higher ideas of what it is to be a man than he, the counterfeits which pass current for manhood. Robert Burns's lines—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd
For a' that"

are quite matched by Emerson's couplet—

"One ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging seas outweighs."

According to Emerson, there can be no final disaster to man.

"Man is born to a priceless heritage that no three-score-and-ten years of failure here may rob him of. There may be aberration, as of a star, but the soul will come again into its constant orbit."

Emerson's deepest passion—so deep that it pervades all his life and all his writings, is his love of moral perfection in all men, and his desire to attain it for himself. He writes in his diary:

"Milton describes himself in his letter to Diodati as enamored of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. That which I cannot yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow. It has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It cannot be defeated by my defeats. It cannot be questioned though all the martyrs apostatize."

Emerson's religion is in harmony with his ethics. Indeed it is only the flowering of his ethics into fuller beauty and more perfect life. This is only another way of saying that his religion is Natural Religion. True religion is not unnatural, he declares, or anti-nature, or even supernatural; but just nature's own deepest, holiest, divinest outcome. But we must understand nature in a large enough way. We must include in our meaning *all* of nature, not merely the lowest part: We must include mind as well as matter; thoughts as well as stones; the whole realm of the intellectual, the moral and the spiritual, as well as the realm of the physical. When we understand nature in this large and adequate way, we see

the ground for Emerson's belief in natural religion. The religious instinct in man is as natural as anything else in man and what is wanted is not to destroy man's nature but to guide, train, develop and perfect it. Just in so far as the great religions of mankind conform to natural religion they are true and eternal. Just in so far as they depart from natural religion and are based upon the artificialities of ipse dixits, of external authorities, of miracles, of supposed special revelations, they are transient. Jesus was a religious teacher for all time because he taught natural religion, the eternal religion of the human soul. The Bible is great because in many of its pages (alas! not in *all*) the mighty inspirations of natural religion breathe with such power. Writes Emerson:—

“Out of the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old.”

This applies not only to the Christian Bible, but to all Sacred Books.

From all this it follows that Emerson's religion is universal Religion. He cannot believe in a partial God—one who can choose out a single nation of the earth for his favour and his salvation, and leave all the rest in darkness and death. He cannot believe revelation to be confined to one book. Rather is it too large a thing for all books that ever have been or ever will be written.

Inspiration is not confined to thirty ancient Hebrews, more or less. It is the very breath of life of all uplooking souls on the earth. As

Christians we love our own Bible. Let us sacredly cherish all its noble teachings, all its holy associations. But other peoples of the world have their Bibles too. And if we say that God speaks through our Bible, let us not be bigots and deny the like claim made by other races, that God speaks also through the Bibles which he has given them. Let us not think that Christian Saints and Jewish Saints exhaust all the sainthood of the world. If we put the shoes from off our feet in the presence of Moses and Jesus, let us uncover our heads in the presence of Confucius and Buddha, and many another great teacher, remembering that "God hath not left Himself without witness in any land or among any people."

Above all else let us have a personal religion, a faith of our own, and not a mere shadow or echo of some other person's faith. Let us believe what we see to be true, and not merely what somebody else saw to be true. Let us go to God direct, and not round about by way of some other person. Let us have a religion that is a personal experience, and therefore as authoritative as that of Isaiah or Paul or Buddha or Jesus. Too much of the religion of our time has become degraded into a mere record of what has been. "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the

history of theirs? ” “ If a man claims to speak and know all about God, and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world believe him not.”

What would Emerson do with the Christian Church? He would keep it but not as it is; he would improve it, would fit it to the growing needs of men. The church as it is at present, he says,

“ Is not large enough for men; it cannot inspire enthusiasm There will be a new Church, founded on moral science, at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again, ... but it will have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters; science for symbol and illustration; and it will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry.”

Much of what passes current as Christianity today Emerson will have nothing to do with. He believes it to be superstition, a dark veil which shuts out light, a chain binding minds which were made for freedom. The religion of Jesus he gladly accepts; but the theology commonly taught in the name of Jesus he rejects. Some have said that Emerson sought to minimize religion, narrow it, limit it, impoverish it. On the contrary, his effort was ever to magnify it, enrich it, widen it, make it great. His plea was for more religion, not less; for better religion, not poorer; for deeper religion, not shallower; for a religion of deeds, not professions and forms; for a religion not confined to Sundays and Churches, and acts called by religious names, but a religion pervading all life. If he would have men pray and read their sacred books in the religious spirit, he

would also have them plow, and build railroads, and calculate eclipses, and sing lullabies to babes, and make laws for nations, and buy and sell, in the religious spirit, that is, in the spirit of truth and honor, of gentleness and justice, of fidelity and sincerity.

Emerson's life was a long one. Seventy-nine summers smiled on him, seventy-nine winters beat on him with their storms: but it was one long summer of light, and love, and peace in his heart. The years could make his body old, but not his soul. He always lived simply and naturally. He would not hurry. He took time, or he went along, really to live; that is, he took time to see, to think, to feel, to enjoy,—to admire, to worship,—to watch all the silent processes of nature, and learn her infinite patience and her joy.

Friends were dear; his home was full of love and sincerity; his heart was always open to children; he stood for ever facing the sunrise.

Swedenborg says of the angels in heaven that “they are continually advancing to the spring-time of their youth, so that the oldest angel appears the youngest.”

It was much so with Emerson. In spirit he grew rather younger than older with the years.

As he drew near to old age, as men count old age, he wrote his poem entitled “Terminus” which shows well his thought and feeling. He writes:—

“Economize the failing river,—
Not the less adore the Giver.
Leave the many, hold the few;
Timely wise, accept the terms,

Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.
As the bird trims himself to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, feel (?) the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Emerson seems to me the most cosmopolitan of all our modern writers. He appears to me to have the largest intellectual horizon, to look upon the world and on life with the broadest vision, to possess the widest sympathies, and therefore to come nearest to being a world teacher.

If you can read only one writer of the West, my word is, read Emerson. Why? Because he, more than any other, makes the whole world an open book, and absolutely all men interesting, worth knowing and worth loving.

He widened the intellectual horizon of his time. Better still, he helped his time to a firmer hold on moral principles, and a deeper insight into spiritual laws.

He wrought for toleration, for charity, for human brotherhood; for philanthropies and reforms of many kinds; for all genuine and sincere heart pieties.

Reason in religion never had a braver champion, or bigotry in religion a sterner foe. The Christianity of the Golden Rule, and of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood, never, since

the great prophet of Nazareth fell asleep, has found a nobler teacher by word or by life.

His character was well-nigh spotless; his personality was powerful; his writings are classics in the English tongue; his influence as an apostle of "sweetness and light" is exceeded by that of no man of his century.

The most cosmopolitan son of the New World, his thought and work were not alone for *America* but for *all lands*, and I believe for *all time*.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

It is inspiring to see, standing at the head of one of the most prominent periodicals of India, the following words of Garrison:

"I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

This historic utterance of the great American liberator may well be taken as a motto by the people of India in their great and just struggle for national freedom.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in 1804 in Massachusetts, a State (in the northern part of the American Union) which had already abolished slavery. Before he was twenty years old, he had entered upon his anti-slavery work, which covered more than forty years—until, indeed, the need for it ceased with the Emancipation Proclamation of Lincoln in 1863.

Never did soldier set out upon a campaign that appeared more hopeless than seemed the anti-slavery cause in America when Garrison enlisted in it. Never were invincible courage, unyielding perseverance, tireless toil, more splendidly successful at last.

In almost every aspect, Garrison's career is worthy of study by all who battle for human freedom and human progress the world over.

I

His parents were poor and throughout his youth he experienced many hardships. At ten,

he was apprenticed to a shoe-maker. Not liking this kind of work, three years later he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. But this also failed to engage his interest, and when he was about eighteen he secured employment in a printing office. This work proved more congenial. Though his education was very limited, he had, by diligence and economy of his time, contrived to read many of the best books, and had made himself familiar with the outstanding characters and events of history.

He soon began to contribute articles of his own to the paper whose type he was setting, without, however, disclosing their authorship; but these met with such public favour as to suggest that his life-work had been found at last.

Garrison had somewhat brief connections with several different papers, first as contributor and later as editor. His real anti-slavery work began, however, with his going to Baltimore, one of the large cities of the South, as assistant editor of a paper published by Benjamin Lundy, a writer and lecturer who had for years laboured with great energy and devotion to influence public sentiment. The title of this paper was *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*.

In this new field Garrison, whose life until then had been spent in the non-slaveholding North, was at once brought into close personal contact with the slavery of the South in many of its most revolting aspects. The inter-State slave trade, of which Baltimore was an important

centre, particularly shocked him, and an incident in connection with this called out his sternest rebuke. The captain of a vessel (which, Garrison was appalled to learn, was owned by a Massachusetts man) took a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans—a city still further South and a great slave market. This was a common occurrence in the traffic between these two cities, but it was the first time that Garrison had witnessed such a thing and it burned itself into his consciousness. His subsequent editorial denunciation was so severe, that both a criminal and a civil suit were brought against him. Tried in a pro-slavery city by a pro-slavery judge and jury, conviction was a foregone conclusion. He was fined, also sentenced to imprisonment. But that a man should be condemned and punished for merely expressing an opinion, for simply speaking on behalf of freedom and against oppression, aroused widespread feeling and protest throughout the country, and considerable sympathy for Garrison was expressed. He went to prison, but remained there only forty-nine days, a wealthy New York merchant and philanthropist volunteering to pay the fine.

This experience confirmed Garrison in his determination to give his life, with every energy of body and mind, to the work of wiping the stain of slavery from every State in the Union. One of his biographers writes:

“This young Knight of Freedom, in all the fervour of ingenuous youth, with his Bible open before him, solemnly consecrated himself to the task of delivering the slaves from

their bondage and his country from her greatest crime and curse. And the consciousness of a purpose so high, undertaken in humble dependence upon God, and from an intense sympathy with an oppressed and outlawed race, gave him something of the majesty of a prophet, which men of kindred spirit were quick to discern and could never forget."

Even from his cell in the Baltimore jail, he sent a letter arraigning both the arbitrary conduct of the Court, and the Law as well.

"Is it," he asked, "supposed by Judge Brice" [the judge who sentenced him] "that his frowns can intimidate me or his sentence stifle my voice on the subject of oppression? He does not know me. So long as good Providence gives me strength and intellect, I will not cease to declare that the existence of slavery in this country is a foul reproach to the American name; nor will I hesitate to proclaim the guilt of kidnappers, slavery-abettors and slave-owners wherever they may reside or however high they may be exalted. I am only in the alphabet of my task. Time shall perfect a useful work. It is my shame that I have done so little for the people of colour; yea, before God I feel humbled that my feelings are so cold and my language so weak. A free white victim must be sacrificed to open the eyes of the nation and to show the tyranny of our laws. I expect, and am willing, to be persecuted, imprisoned, and bound, for advocating the rights of my coloured countrymen; and I should deserve to be a slave myself if I shrank from that danger."

This was the spirit in which Willian Lloyd Garrison began his forty years of toil in the anti-slavery cause. This was the spirit of that whole devoted band of anti-slavery men and women who, as the years went on, gathered to his support. Such a spirit, with right and justice on its side, could not fail to triumph in the end, even though all of earth and hell were opposed.

II

Surprise has sometimes been expressed that so late as the middle of the nineteenth century,

any civilized and enlightened people—as Americans claimed to be—should have sought to retain so iniquitous an institution as that of human slavery.

As a matter of fact, human bondage, slavery in some form, is as old as history and as widespread as the world itself. The culture of ancient Greece and Rome and other countries was based on the assumption that slavery was right and good. This, however, was not in harmony with the feeling and teaching of the very best and highest minds in the world even in ancient times. Certainly it was not in harmony with the teachings of Buddha in India or Jesus in Palestine. Buddha taught human brotherhood, which is utterly incompatible with slavery in any form or with holding any class of human beings in any kind of degradation. Jesus also taught human brotherhood. He said, “The Kingdom of Heaven is in all;” “the last shall be first;” “God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty;” “the greatest among you is he who serves.” But in the time of Garrison many Americans, calling themselves Christians, strangely forgot these teachings. They opposed and tried to silence the man who preached them.

Organized Christianity, as such, has not yet accomplished much toward the abolition of human bondage anywhere in the world, whether political bondage, social bondage, industrial bondage, or intellectual and spiritual bondage. The same is true of most other established

religions. This is all wrong. Religion ought to be a great liberator; not an enslaver. It ought to be in sympathy with freedom, with enlightenment, with progress,—not a hinderer of the world's advance. The world must have better religions. Not only Christianity but every religion must be reformed and purified; all must be purged of their tyrannical and oppressive teachings, their superstitions, their outgrown elements, their lifeless forms, their low conceptions of God and their imperfect morality.

One wonders that an institution so cruel and so evil as human slavery has been allowed to continue in the world so long. In its worst forms it seems to have persisted longer in Europe and America than among the leading nations of Asia. During what are known as the Middle Ages in Europe chattel-slavery passed into the modified form of serfdom, which persisted in France until the Revolution of 1789; in Germany, until well into the nineteenth century; and in Russia until about 1860.

Negro slavery was introduced into America by the Spanish and Portuguese, the discoverers and first exploiters of the country, whose supreme desire was to obtain wealth. At first they compelled the native Americans (the "Red men") to work in the mines. But they died in such great numbers under the hardships and cruelties inflicted on them by their European masters, that their employment proved neither practicable nor profitable. It was then that the hardier natives of

Africa were imported and what is known as the slave-trade began—that is, the forcible capture and transportation of Africans to America—a terrible traffic in which England and other European countries joined and which continued down to and into the nineteenth century.

In practically all of the thirteen colonies which revolted against Great Britain in 1776 (and later formed the United States), slavery existed and was legally recognized. There was, however, even then some opposition to its spread, and George Washington, in his will, ordered the emancipation of all slaves who belonged to him. Nearly all the other revolutionary leaders—Franklin, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry—looked upon slavery as an evil and desired its abolition. In the convention which drafted the Constitution for the new nation, the sentiment was strongly against it, and but for the opposition of two of the Southern States (South Carolina and Georgia) it would probably have been done away with at this time.

Gradually it was found in the Northern States, with their long, hard winters, that African labour was not profitable; the negro thrived only in a warm climate. For this and other reasons, slavery was given up in these States. In the Southern States, however, it continued; and even in the North there were individual men who continued to own slave-trading vessels on the sea, and shares in slave-worked plantations in the South.

III

Garrison did not remain long in Baltimore. He soon became convinced that a Northern rather than a Southern city was the proper place from which to carry on a successful propaganda against slavery. The mass of the people in the North were better educated and more intelligent than the majority in the South; free discussion would find a better soil in the North where new ideas were more hospitably received; at that time Boston was regarded as the literary centre of the country, whence new ideas could more readily be disseminated.

So Garrison determined, at whatever hazard, to raise the standard of freedom in Boston, within sight of Bunker Hill, in the very birthplace of American liberty.

Here, without delay, he established a new paper called *The Liberator*, beginning without a single subscriber. Says one of his early co-workers:

"For a year and a half he and his partner Isaac Knapp, were compelled by their poverty to sleep at night on the floor of their printing-office (which Harrison Gray Otis, then mayor of Boston, in a letter to the mayor of a Southern city, called 'an obscure hole') and to subsist on bread and milk, cakes and fruit, obtained from a neighbouring shop. Many times did I see Mr. Garrison and his partner busy at type-setting or in working off their paper on a hand-press, a negro boy their only visible auxiliary. But they never complained nor were they for a moment discouraged."

One of our poets* has described the situation in very graphic language:

"It is late in the evening.

* Ernest Crosby

In a dingy little attic room by the feeble light of a lamp a young workman of resolute and engaging countenance is setting up type for the first number of his journal.

An old-fashioned hand-press stands beside him; the floor is bespattered with printer's ink.

The type is second-hand and worn; the paper was bought on credit; the rent is unpaid; the youthful editor has neither money nor influence nor friends, nor as yet a single subscriber.

At his elbow his supper awaits him—a loaf of bread and a glass of milk, the only food he can afford to buy.

When he has finished his day's work he will sleep there on the floor in the corner.

The world outside is thinking of Presidents and Senates and Elections.

Lost on false trails, it recks not that in that humble chamber is being enacted much of the contemporary history of mankind.

It has still to learn that it must look in lowly mangers for the promise of the new day.

The young printer smiles confidently as he goes on with his work.

Here are the words which he is forming at the case:

'The standard of emancipation is now unfurled.

Let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble.

I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.

I am in earnest.

I will not equivocate.

I will not excuse.

I will not retreat a single inch.

And *I will be heard.*

Posterity will bear testimony that I was right.'

For thirty long years he bears this standard aloft.

Mobbed by the people, imprisoned by the State, cast out by the churches;

Dogged by kidnappers and assassins, a price set upon his head, despised, hated and reviled;

The wealth, learning and religion of the land especially bitter against him;

He presses onward unmoved.

Scorning all compromise, deaf to every suggestion of extenuation, he lifts his voice like thunder above all other sounds,

Blasting for ever the man-stealers and his abettors.

And at last, as he foresaw from the first even in his loneliness and want—victory, complete victory is his.

In Garrison the truth conquered, the simple truth that
‘Man cannot own his fellow.’”

IV

It is difficult for some of us today to conceive the opposition that confronted Garrison and his work. In such a cause one would suppose that at least the churches, the clergy and the religious leaders of the community would, because of their Christian profession, have taken his part and supported his efforts. Here and there some did come earnestly to his assistance and defence, but these were a small minority. As a whole, the clergy turned a cold shoulder towards him, the churches closed their doors upon his desire to lecture on behalf of emancipation, and the religious Press of the country for the most part united in an effort to suppress his message. Long afterwards, in referring to this time, Wendell Phillips said: “I know and you know—you older men who can recall those days—that when one brave preacher in a Boston pulpit uttered a few strong anti-slavery words, his venerable father was accosted the next morning by a solicitous friend: ‘Colonel, you have my sympathy. I cannot tell you how much I pity you.’ ‘What,’ said the brusque old man, ‘What is the reason for your pity?’ ‘Well, I hear your son went crazy at King’s Chapel yesterday,’ was the reply. Such was the state of public sentiment that insanity was the only excuse that kind-hearted friends could make for such a ‘madman.’”

Writes one of the historians of that time:

“Ecclesiastical authority, political power and social influence all frowned on the young leader of abolition; all united to surround his horizon and overspread his sky with a cloud black as night, a cloud from which thundered and lightened a malignity and hate of which men to-day can scarcely conceive. But on the very blackness of that cloud William Lloyd Garrison wrote in letters of fire his immortal words: *I will be heard.*”

And he was heard. Boston heard him. The whole United States heard him. In a few years Boston became the centre of a mighty anti-slavery movement that was felt throughout the country.

We shall not understand nor adequately appreciate Garrison if we do not bear in mind the personal danger which constantly menaced him, and the sublime serenity and unflinching courage with which he went through it all, turning aside not a hair's breadth from what he believed to be the right, conceding nothing to conciliate his foes, leaving no word unsaid which truth demanded should be spoken. Though in parts of the South, State laws made it a crime to circulate *The Liberator*, or even receive it from the post-office, and the legislature of Georgia passed an Act offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest and conviction of its editor, the little printing-press in the Boston attic went steadily on. Garrison's friends were in constant anxiety because of the flood of anonymous letters from the South that came to him threatening him with violence and death. But he steadily refused their advice to carry any weapon for his defence.

Again and again meetings where he was

among the speakers were mobbed and broken up. At a meeting of the Boston Anti-slavery Society in 1835, he was dragged through the streets with a rope around his neck, and finally locked in jail to protect him from the fury of the crowd. And it should be distinctly noted that the mob of men who were responsible for this outrage, personally taking part in this brutality, were among the most influential and 'respectable' of the people of Boston. Garrison himself wrote on the walls of the jail where he was confined:

"William Lloyd Garrison was put in this cell Monday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to protect him from the fury of a respectable and influential mob who sought to destroy him for preaching the doctrine that all men are created equal and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

Those were indeed times that tried men's souls. Only men with wills of iron and with a mighty faith in the justice of their cause could have endured all that Garrison and his colleagues endured.

V

Garrison was a thorough pacifist. He did not believe in war for any purpose, under any circumstances. He did not believe that the cause of right and justice could ever be advanced by violence and bloodshed. But he fought courageously and unflinchingly with the weapons of reason and moral appeal. He was of the same spirit as Mahatma Gandhi, who says:

"We must have no bloodshed. We have a right to our liberty; it is dearer to us than life. We will win it or we will

die. But we will do no wrong. We will not kill, we will not harm our oppressors, we will not even hate them."

VI

Of course, there had been anti-slavery sentiment in the country, even in the South, before Garrison and Lundy started their crusade. Early in the nineteenth century, a large number of Quakers had become convinced that the possession of slaves was incompatible with their religion, and had freed all their negroes, giving them enough land to support themselves, or employing them at a wage. But such efforts were sporadic, and as the South grew in extent and her wealth increased through the slave-labour on her plantations, the general feeling of hostility toward suggestions of the loss of this source of power, rapidly increased. Also, Northern seaboard cities were largely dependent on Southern trade for their commercial prosperity, and in their own interests resented anything that might alienate Southern co-operation. Economic interests had gradually asserted themselves as the dominant factor in the situation and anti-slavery sentiment seemed to wilt and disappear before this aggressive power.

About the time that Garrison began his work, there was a movement set on foot called the "Colonization Scheme." The object of this was the transportation of negroes, including all emancipated slaves, to a tract of territory purchased in Africa for their settlement. This scheme was

approved by some of the Southern slave-owners, and many philanthropic people in the North regarded it as a sort of mild, inoffensive movement towards general emancipation. But Garrison soon saw that its real tendency was rather to support the institution of chattel-slavery, for by means of this scheme persons or classes that slaveholders found disadvantageous or unprofitable could be shipped over-seas under this cover of philanthropic intent, thus leaving the slaveholders unhampered in their authority over negro lives, and secure and unquestioned in their power over the race as a whole.

Other compromise schemes were devised—schemes for bringing about emancipation gradually, by stages, promising freedom to the slaves *sometime*. But Garrison was unalterably opposed to all such makeshifts, delays and compromises. He saw that they meant nothing good to the slaves; that fifty years of them would leave the slaves just as firmly in bondage as ever, the wicked institution of slavery just as strongly rooted in the nation as ever.

VII

As soon as possible, Garrison formed an association called “The New England Anti-Slavery Society,” on the basis of “immediate and unconditional emancipation.”

This association at once issued a manifesto, taking its stand upon the Golden Rule—“All things whatsoever ye would that men should do

to you, do ye even so to them," and the scripture "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth," and also that sentence from the American Declaration of Independence:—"All men are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." "We believe," said this manifesto, "that slavery is an evil *now*. A thief found in possession of stolen property is required to relinquish it *immediately*. The slave-holder and the man-stealer are in unlawful possession of the sons and daughters of Africa. They should *immediately* set them free. Every principle which proves slavery unjust, an evil and a curse, equally demonstrates the duty of immediate emancipation."

A little more than a year after the organization of this New England Society, a similar association was formed in New York, and from this on, the work spread. Within nine years of the establishment of *The Liberator* in that dingy little Boston attic, there were nearly two thousand anti-slavery organizations in the United States, with a membership of nearly 200,000 men and women.

With the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860, Garrison's triumph came. Some of the most radical abolitionists—doubtless Garrison among the number—had not voted for him, but for a man on a separate, anti-slavery ticket. But though he had refused to vote for the

political party whose ticket had carried Lincoln's name, Garrison's years of work had none the less contributed more perhaps than any other one factor in the country, to the creation of the public sentiment that put Lincoln into power at that crucial time. Garrison stood aloof from all political parties, but his work was so forceful and fearless that its influence was felt in every part of the country's life, even by the forces that opposed him. In season and out of season he laid the great principles of human justice and human liberty upon the consciences of the people of America. Today we can see that without his work there would have arisen no "Abolition Party," and probably no "Republican Party" either, the new territories of the South and West would not have been rescued from the blight of slavery, and the Proclamation of Emancipation would probably have been long delayed.

VIII

It should be noted in this instance, as in all similar social movements, that while the emancipation of the Negroes for the time being materially impoverished the South, yet at the same time it lifted a great miasma of inertia from that whole section of the country, and the majority of thinking people in the South are today glad that slavery is a thing of the past.

In all human bondage, in all injustice, the moral degradation of the oppressor is inevitable. The oppressed may perhaps preserve his honour,

William Lloyd Garrison

self-respect, independence of spirit, but the fate of the tyrant is sealed. The slavery of mind under which the slave-owners of the South laboured was their own greatest curse—they were slaves to their own ignorance and selfishness, to their false pride and arrogance, their distorted values of human life and labour. The great majority of white people in the South were spenders only, unproductive idlers living on the sweat and blood of the men and women they held in bondage. With the freedom of their Negroes it became necessary for all to engage in the earning of bread and in the work of the world, a bitter task at first for most of them, but a great factor in their eventual education and liberation of mind. Freedom for bondsmen always means a corresponding moral gain for those who have held them in bondage. Would that Englishmen might bear this in mind in connection with their dealings with India.

The conflict between Garrison and the slave-owning class was really a conflict between the democratic ideal—a government “of the people, for the people and by the people,” and the monarchical or feudal idea of one class or race ruling by the right of physical might over another class born to serve.

If ever a man had a “genius for justice,” a passion for thoroughness and truth, if ever a man lived whose very meat and drink it was to aid the right and oppose the wrong, to defend the helpless and the oppressed, such a man was

Garrison. Indomitable of will, broad in sympathies, commanding in intellect, Garrison drew to his allegiance many of the ablest and noblest men of the nation such as Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Samuel May, Theodore Parker, who looked up to him as their leader.

It has been said of Garrison that no one man ever did more toward endowing a whole nation with a conscience, than did he by his uncompromising allegiance to his own conscience. Appeals which, at the beginning of his career, fell on deaf ears became the earnest concern of the majority of the whole population before his life was done.

IX

I would like to speak of Garrison's domestic life, joyous and tranquil in the love of wife and children, undisturbed by the storms that swept over his public career. But to do justice to such a story would require too much space. His death in 1879, at the age of seventy-five, was a fitting sequel to such a life as his, his faith in God, in human nature, and in freedom burning brightly until the last. Well might Wendell Phillips, one of the most distinguished orators of that time, say on the occasion of his funeral, standing by his lifeless form: "It was really that hand, lying there, now stiff and cold, that wrote the Emancipation Proclamation—who held the pen is of small concern. As God sees, as history will see, it was the hand of Lloyd Garrison

and no other that struck the chains for ever from a subject race.”

Garrison's funeral in Boston was really an historical event. I shall never cease to be thankful that it was my own privilege to attend it. Throughout all the addresses made, the thought rang out—“Let our sorrow at this parting be dispelled by an exultant thankfulness that such a man was given to the world, and lived in our midst.” A great company of men and women whose tears and tributes of love would have done only too great honour to the mightiest king, paid there the homage of their hearts to this knight of human brotherhood and defender of human freedom.

The life of this faithful “servant of the ideal” teaches many lessons, of which the most important is perhaps the invincible power of the Right—that one may confidently take one's stand on the side of Truth and Justice, however powerful may seem the forces that oppose or the difficulties that confront one—a lesson finely stated by William Cullen Bryant,—

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.”

And again by Longfellow,—

“The mills of God grind slowly but they grind exceeding
small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness
grinds He all.”

Yes, there is a might in this world stronger than armies and navies, stronger than all rulers and governments—it is the might of Right.

Matthew Arnold phrases it—"A power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Men are fools who presume to deny or oppose the ultimate triumph of the Right. Garrison himself expressed it in ringing words:

"High walls the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control,
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose;
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes.
It leaps from mount to mount, from vale to vale,
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale
And in sweet converse passes joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

America has produced no clearer, more ringing or more persuasive trumpet voice for liberty and democracy than that of James Russell Lowell. Therefore, I am sure, he has a message for India in her great and sacred struggle for national freedom.

Lowell was born in 1819 and died in 1891 at the age of 72. His birth-place was near Boston, in Cambridge, the seat of Harvard University, where he spent nearly all his life, dying in the very house in which his eyes first saw the light.

He was graduated from Harvard, and for many years was a professor there. His first intention was to become a lawyer; but after studying law and endeavouring to carry on its practice for a time in Boston, without success, he turned to literature, where his heart really was and had always been.

He began writing at once, both in prose and verse, and carried it on throughout his professorship and all his life.

During many years, he was an editor and a very successful one. He was the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*; it was under him that it attained its great fame, giving to America for the first time a literary periodical which ranked with the best monthlies of England and the Continent of Europe. Later, for some years, he edited another periodical, *The North American Review*, which

he lifted to a standing scarcely below that of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

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During the last few years of his life, Lowell turned aside from his exclusively literary career and devoted himself largely to other important work, although he did not entirely give up his literary activities. Although he had never been a politician and had never held political office, he possessed a knowledge of public affairs and of the principles of true statesmanship second to that of few of his countrymen, as his writings both in prose and verse abundantly show. In recognition of this fact, when he was approaching his sixties, the United States Government invited him to accept an appointment to the honourable and important political position of Minister to the Court of Spain. Few men in America were better fitted for the place, and for five years he filled it with distinction.

Then the United States Government appointed him to the most important diplomatic position within its gift, that of Ambassador to Great Britain. England was greatly pleased by his coming, for by this time he had attained literary distinction second to no American, unless it might be Longfellow. In London, he was shown the greatest consideration, in political, in literary, and in social circles. No foreigner was more highly esteemed by royalty, aristocracy and the common people. In America, he had never done much in

any public speaking; but in England he developed a rich gift of highly literary, highly polished and yet highly popular oratory; and it was not long before on every great occasion he was in demand as a leading speaker, if not the chief speaker. The United States of America has sent many of her most eminent sons to represent her at the Court of St. James, but no one who has made a finer impression or brought her more honour than James Russell Lowell.

* * * *

Those years of diplomatic service for his country formed a happy and distinguished episode in Lowell's life; but they were only an episode, an aside, in a sense a rest, from his main life-work, which was that of a writer. He published many volumes of prose which brought him much fame. Indeed, twenty years before his death, he had come to be recognized at home and abroad as America's greatest essayist and literary critic, ranking little if any below Matthew Arnold in England and Sainte Beuve in France.

And yet the general judgment is that he rose to his very best and will be remembered longest not as a prose writer but as a poet; that into his poetry he poured his finest gifts of both brain and heart.

His early poetry was partly serious and partly humorous. He first attained wide and high fame, fame on both continents, by his "*Biglow Papers*," a brilliant work of mingled humour and satire, of

rich humour which at every line made readers almost explode with laughter, but at the same time made them stop and think; of satire keen as a dagger, but not poison, which really was not a dagger at all but a surgical instrument that probed deep but always had kindness and healing in it.

The "Biglow Papers" had two themes, the wrong and wickedness of the institution of domestic slavery which existed in about a dozen of the southern States of the Union, and the wrong and wickedness of the war of aggression which the United States Government was waging against Mexico, by which it robbed that country of a third of its territory. It seems impossible to conceive of a stronger or more unanswerable moral condemnation of these two great wrongs than this great poem of Lowell contained; yet the condemnation was expressed in ways so delightfully witty that everybody was compelled to read it; and nobody could read it without feeling the force of the moral indignation which the poem breathed.

I would be glad to quote several of the most brilliant and famous passages of the poem except for the fact that it is written in the extreme "Yankee" dialect, or dialect of the old time country New England, which readers in India, unacquainted with it, would find great difficulty in understanding. I will, however, venture to offer a brief passage or two relating to the Mexican War:

"Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat:

I don't want to go no further
 Than my Testament fer that;
 God haz sed so plump and fairly,
 It's as long ez it is broad,
 An' you've got to git up airly
 Ef you want to take in God."

"Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
 Make the thing a grain more right;
 'Taint a follerin' your bell-wethers
 Will excuse you in his sight;
 Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Gov'ment aint to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you."

"Call me coward, call me traider,
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend O' God an' Peace."—

Those parts of the poem bearing on slavery were as humorous, as witty and as blistering in their moral indignation as those relating to war. In the long and severe anti-slavery struggle which ended in the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln in 1863, the three most effective literary weapons were *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the famous novel of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the anti-slavery poems of the Quaker poet Whittier, and Lowell's "Biglow Papers."

Lowell wrote a considerable number of other poems of mingled humour and satire, one of the longest and most important of which was "A Fable for Critics." All were popular at the time of their production, but none attained the fame of the "Biglow Papers." His writings of this kind comprise about one-third of his total poetical output.

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It is difficult to classify Lowell's poetry taken as a whole. It embraces a very large number of themes, which fall under such heads as historic, legendary, narrative, descriptive, ethical, religious, poems of patriotism, of friendship, of sentiment, and a considerable number of poems of a memorial character, written to celebrate great occasions.

When we consider Lowell's severe condemnation of the war against Mexico, it seems on its face a little strange that he strongly supported the Government in its war against the Southern Rebellion, known as the Civil War. The explanation, however, is clear. The former was a war of aggression and conquest, whereas the object of the latter was to prevent a dissolution of the National Union and to rid the nation of the sin and curse of slavery. Although he was all his life a foe to militarism and an ardent friend of peace, he believed, rightly or wrongly, that the enormously important interests at stake in the Civil War justified it on the part of the Government, as he also believed that his country's earlier war (the Revolution) to secure independence from Great Britain, was justifiable. Some of his poems relating to each of these two great episodes in his country's history are among the most striking and able that we have from his pen. Especially is this true of his three famous "Memorial Poems"—one read at the "One Hundredth Anniversary of the Fight at Concord Bridge," the earliest battle of the Revolution; one entitled "Under the Old Elm," read at Cambridge on the hundredth anni-

versary of Washington's taking command of the American Revolutionary Army, and his "Ode for the Fourth of July, 1776" the Birthday of the Nation.

Here are a few lines of his tribute to Washington in the second of these Memorial Poems:

"Soldier and Statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing;
Dumb for himself,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self;
Never seduced through show of present good;
Rigid, but with himself first:
Broad-minded, high-souled,—there is but one
Who was all this and ours and all men's—

WASHINGTON."

Here are some lines of a poem written at the close of the Civil War, when the Union was saved and the slaves freed:

"O Beautiful! my Country! Ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare.'

Here are some lines written on another occasion showing his ardent love of his native land:

"O my Country, touched by thee,
My gray hairs gather back their gold;
My thoughts set all my pulses free;
My heart refuses to be old;

Thy love is all that I can see.
Unsummoned crowd the thankful words,
As sap in springtime flood the tree,
For all that thou hast been to me!"

Lowell was in the best sense a patriot and a statesman. Some have called him unpatriotic, because he would not toady to demagogues, and run blindly at the behests of caucuses and political bosses; because he was too astute to be fooled by the tricks and pretenses of designing politicians, and cared more for eternal principles than for transient party names and shibboleths.

So, too, small-minded men have sometimes declared him as wanting in patriotism, because he saw the good there is in England, in Europe and in all the older world—being too large a soul to be cooped in by one single horizon.

Let those who thus complain read his magnificent address on "Democracy," delivered at Birmingham, to Englishmen—the most powerful and uncompromising defence of republican institutions, I venture to believe, that was ever spoken on English soil.

* * * *

Lowell was a patriot, but he was more. He realized that it was belittling to an American and belittling to his country not to relate his nation with other nations in noble ways of friendship and of co-operation and world service. With all his passionate love of his native land, he could not, would not, forget, that there were other lands beside his own, worthy of love and honour, and that while he was an American he was also a

member of the great brotherhood of humanity. And so above and beyond the mere patriot vision he rose to the larger vision of the world-family, and sang:

“Where is the true man’s Fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such *scant* borders to be spanned?
Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span?
O’ yes? his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!
Where’er a human heart doth wear
Joy’s myrtle-wreath or sorrow’s gyves.
Where’er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man’s birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!
Where’er a single slave doth pine,
Where’er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man’s birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!”

This is not *un-patriotic*, it is *super-patriotic*; it is patriotic *plus*: it is the *truer* and *larger* patriotism: it is the patriotism which will stop war; which will bind the nations into a great world society, fraternal and co-operative, instead of antagonistic and mutually destructive.

The world has had few more ardent lovers of Freedom than Lowell. And it was Freedom of the truest and noblest kind—Freedom for others as well as for self. In a poem entitled “Stanzas of Freedom,” he writes:

“Men whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?”

Lowell wanted Freedom in Religion, as well as in the other relations of life. This is well shown in his "Bibliolaters," which is an unsparing arraignment of the book worship, the externalism, the spiritual bondage and death which so largely calls itself religion in our time—which pharisaically attempts to drive out and destroy God's living inspiration of today and maintain in its place the mummy ceremonies of an inspiration two or three thousand years old.

"God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less.
Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, or joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit."

Lowell's religion has great breadth and inclusiveness. He declares:

"The prayers of Christian, Turk and Jew
Have one sound up there in the blue,
And one smell all their incense, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that Lowell's religion was far from the popular Christianity; but he believed it to be deeper and truer. "Christ," he says, "has declared war against the Christianity of the world, and it must go down." "The older I grow the less I am affected by the outward forms and observances of religion, but the more confidingness and affection do I feel toward God. It is therefore no idle form when I tell you that *I lean on God.*"

Lowell believed in a living and advancing religion, not a religion of the backward look. He writes: "There is a considerable party in the world, headed by the Pope—that pagan full of pride—who would cure all our ills by simply putting the world back." But to this he objects. On the death of Cardinal Newman, who had tried so hard to lead the English Church back to Rome, he exclaims, "A beautiful old man, as I remember him, but surely a futile life if ever there was one, trying to make a past reality supply the place of a present one that was becoming past, and forgetting that God is always '*I am,*' never '*I was.*'"

This utterance comes to us from the next to the last year of Lowell's life, and shows, that he kept to the end his faith, his forward-looking Unitarian faith, which finds such frequent and vigorous utterance all through his writings, that God is the God of the living, and that the future of man in this world is certain to be better than the past has been.

Lowell held firmly that most inspiring faith that ever entered the soul of man, to buoy it up and make it superior to death—I mean faith in immortality. He did not fear death, or see in it the ugly destroyer that many do. Rather he saw in it an angel of God. Here are a few lines giving his thought:

"Sin hath told lies of thee, fair angel death,
Hath hung a dark veil o'er thy seraph face,
And scared us babes with tales of how, beneath,
Were features like her own. But I, through grace

Of the dear God by whom I live and move,
 Have seen that gloomy shroud asunder rent,
 And in thine eyes, lustrous with sweet intent,
 Have read that thou none other wast but love.
 Thou art the beauteous keeper of that gate
 Which leadeth to the soul's desired home,
 And I would live as one who seems to wait
 Until thine eyes shall say, 'My brother, come!'
 And then haste forward with such gladsome pace
 As one who sees a welcoming, sweet face;
 For thou dost give us what the soul loves best—
 In the eternal soul a dwelling place,
 And thy still grave is the unpilfered nest
 Of truth, love, peace and duty's perfect rest."

* * *

Lowell is pre-eminently a *thinker* among poets. In this his place is beside Emerson. In concentration of thought and in depth of spiritual insight, Emerson is superior; indeed in these qualities he seems to me to excel all poets. But in singing quality—in the ability to put high thought and rare spiritual vision into rich and noble verse—Lowell is far the superior of the seer of Concord, and takes his place beside Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson.

Lowell had a strong and noble faith in human nature, which he expresses times without number. In one of his sonnets he gives us words of one who doubts human nature, and then answers him. Says the objector:

"True nobleness I seek in vain;
 In woman and in man I find it not:
 I almost weary of my earthly lot,
 My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."

To him the poet replies:

"Thou findest it not? I pray thee look again,
 Look *inward* through the depths of thine *own* soul.
 How is it with *thee*? Art *thou* sound and whole?
 BE NOBLE! And the nobleness that lies

In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Shall rise in majesty to meet thine own;
 Then thou wilt see it gleam in many eyes.
 Then will pure light around thy path be shed,

And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone."

I must give my readers one of Lowell's poems of which I am very fond, and which seems to me very helpful to all who care for the higher side of life. It is entitled "Longing."

"Of all the myriad moods of mind
 That through the soul come thronging,
 Which one was e're so dear, so kind,
 So beautiful as longing?
 The thing we long for that we are
 For one transcendent moment,
 Before the Present poor and bare
 Can make its sneering comment.

Still through the paltry air and strife,
 Glows down the wished Ideal,
 And Longing moulds in clay what Life
 Carves in the marble Real:
 To let the new life in, we know,
 Desire must ope the portal;—
 Perhaps the longing to be so
 Helps make the soul immortal.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
 Good God not only reckons
 The moments when we tread his ways,
 But when the spirit beckons,—
 That some slight good is also wrought
 Beyond self-satisfaction,
 When we are simply good in thought,
 Howe'er we fail in action."

Nothing in Lowell's poetry is more charming than his love of Nature. Wherever he goes, he has eyes to see the beauty of the world, and a soul quick to catch the deeper meanings of things. He says of himself, "The flowering of the butter-cups is a great, and, I may truly say, a religious

event in my year." Here is one of his bright little nature poems entitled "The Fountain."

"Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn to night;
Into the moonlight
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;
Into the star-light
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day:
Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary!
Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee."

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Lowell has two poems, entitled "A Parable," each of which contains an impressive religious lesson.

The first tells of a religious prophet who wants to get a message from God. So he makes a long and weary journey, and at last, worn and footsore, reaches the top of the far-off holy hill, where he thinks God is to be found. There he prays fervently for a voice or a sign. Alas! no thunder peal comes, and no voice. But a little flower springs up beside him as he kneels. And lo, he sees that it is the very same kind of a flower that his little daughter had plucked and given him just as he was leaving home. Then his eyes

are opened to see, that God was just as truly in his home, as on this far away so-called holy hill.

Lowell's second "Parable" teaches a lesson not the same, but equally impressive.

"Said Christ our Lord, 'I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in me.'
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings,
'Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great.'

With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged him, and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of him;
And in church and palace and judgment hall,
He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down his head.
And from under the heavy foundation stones,
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold:
And in church and palace and judgment hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide

As the living foundation heaved and sighed.
'Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure,

Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?
With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears

In heaven these eighteen hundred years.'
O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand,

Sovereign and sole, through all our land.
'Our task is hard—with sword and flame
To hold thine earth forever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep.'
Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.
These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, 'Lo, here,' said he,
'The images ye have made of me.'

* * * *

All of Lowell's writings, especially his poetry, is full of short, striking sententious lines which arrest attention and are widely quoted. Since nothing can give a better idea of the whole range of his thought than these, I venture to cite a considerable number.

"What an antiseptic is a pure life!"

"No mud can soil us but the mud we throw."

"Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind."

"They enslave their children's children,
Who make compromise with sin."

"They who love are but one step from heaven."

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

"To put more faith in lies and hate
Than truth and love, is the real atheism."

"Every hope that rises and grows broad
In the world's heart,
Streams from the great heart of God."

"God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles."

"O Power, more near my life than life itself."

"Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity."

"The hope of Truth grows stronger every day,
Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows."

"Through his heart who earnestly believeth,
Life from the Eternal Heart doth flow."

"We are not free, whose Freedom doth consist
In musing with our faces to the past;
Freedom is recreated year by year
In hearts wide open on the Godward side."

"Nothing pays but God,
Served whether on the smoke-shut battlefield,
In work obscure done honestly, or vote
For truth unpopular, or faith maintained
To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
Wrought for good's sake, mindless of heaven or hell."

"Believe the promise of to-morrow.
And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day."

"Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

"All things false shall crumble
Before the free uplifted soul of man."

"One day, with life and heart,
In more than time enough to find a world."

"Men reason that To-morrow will be wise
Because To-day was not, nor Yesterday;
As if good days were shapen of themselves,
Not of the very life blood of men's souls."

"Perhaps the deeper faith that is to come
Will see God rather in the strenuous doubt
That in the creed."

"The miracle fades out of history,
But faith and wonder and the primal earth
Are born into the world with every child."

"He's true to God who's true to man."

"Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
He and his works, like sand, from earth are blown."

"New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best;
And, doubtless, after us some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth."

Lowell is one of the eminent Americans whose bust has been placed by the nation in its Hall of Fame. On his bust are inscribed lines from his pen:

“No Power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
Thereby a Law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its blithesome youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.”

* * *

If I were to ask lovers of Lowell to name the most beautiful of all his poems,—the one in which his genius, his literary skill and his deep religious spirit find their very highest expression, what would it be? I imagine it would be his “Vision of Sir Launfal.” In this poem he treats a theme suggestive of Tennyson. Certainly Tennyson has written nothing finer. The poem is as noble in its ethical and spiritual teaching as it is superior as a work of literary art.

The poem tells a story. The Holy Grail was the legendary cup from which Jesus was supposed to have drunk at the last supper. One tradition tells that Joseph of Arimathea brought it to England. But, as the times grew corrupt, it disappeared, and could be found again only by one who was perfectly pure in heart. In the stories of Arthur’s Knights of the Round Table, the search for it was a favourite quest. Easily it lends itself to allegory. To find the Holy Grail became the symbol of discovering the secret of the true, the divine life.

Lowell treats this in a fashion wholly his

own. This poem is in two parts. The knight goes forth in the glory of summer. As he leaves his castle, a leper asks alms. The proud knight tosses him a piece of gold in scorn, and goes on his way. But, in that temper, his quest is fruitless. The second part is a winter scene. Sir Launfal is returning, old and decrepit, only to find another in possession of his earldom. He is a sadder, wiser, humbler man. The same leper asks an alms again. Now he shares with him his poverty:

“He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink.
’Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
’Twas water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed.
And ’twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.”

Then the poem goes on:

“As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the beautiful gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in man.
His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said:
‘Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is *here*—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,

Such is the story briefly and barely told, and giving only very inadequately an idea of the whole poem, there is so much else in it which is in the highest degree beautiful. For example, it is here that Lowell paints his wonderful picture of "June," which in America is the loveliest of the months, the queen month of the year, beginning his picture with the exquisite lines:

* * * *

“Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God’s new Messiah,
offering each the bloom or blight
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the
sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever ’twixt that
darkness and that light

THOMAS PAINE

I suppose it would not be an exaggeration to say that no man within the past century and a half has been so much and so bitterly spoken against by the orthodox Christians of America and England as Thomas Paine. In innumerable books, periodicals, pamphlets and pulpits his name has been one of execration. Satan, Judas Iscariot, Voltaire, Robert Ingersoll and Paine have made up the catalogue of arch-monsters whom all good people are supposed to dread with perfect dread and hate with perfect hatred. He has been spoken of as "Tom" Paine. Men who would on no consideration call Paine's intimate associates and friends, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, nicknames, and who would be incensed to be called Tom or any other nickname themselves, have not hesitated always to call him "Tom Paine." Children have been taught to associate him with everything vile, and young men going away from home have been solemnly warned against reading anything from his pen.

Yet who is this Thomas Paine? I will quote a few words from another, and then go forward to look at the man and his life, and see whether there was any cause for the opprobrium that has been heaped upon him. The quotation which I wish to make is from one of his biographers. Says that authority: "If Paine had died before he wrote his work on the Bible, not another name would have stood higher on the roll of America's

helpers and deliverers than his. Not Lafayette's, not Steuben's, not De Kalb's, not General Green's, not the Adams's, not Washington's; he would have had more honour than he actually deserved. Now he has so much less. And why? Because he wrote 'The Age of Reason.' "

Paine's life may be divided into four periods. The first, of 38 years, was spent in England, his birthplace, during which time he did not attract much public attention; the second, of 12 years, in America, in connection with the American Revolutionary War; the third, of 15 years, in England and France, mainly in France, in connection with the French Revolution; the last, of 7 years, in America, where he died at the age of 72.

It was because he had become deeply interested in the struggle of the American Colonies for freedom that he came to the New World, bringing letters of introduction from Benjamin Franklin, whose acquaintance he had formed in London.

His arrival was about a year before the Colonies declared their independence, which was done on the 4th of July, 1776. But the agitation against the tyrannies of Great Britain had long been going on, and into that agitation Paine threw himself at once. Possessing a facile pen, he soon became a prominent writer in behalf of the Colonies, which early brought him into acquaintance with all the leaders in the struggle.

The situation was confusing, critical and

dark. Nobody knew what course to pursue; yet all the American patriots who had taken their stand against British despotism felt that some decided course must be adopted without delay and resolutely carried out. Hostilities had already begun. The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought; an army had been raised; Washington had been appointed commander-in-chief. But, after all, what was the real issue? What did the Colonies want? Simply the repeal of some oppressive taxes, or a more liberal British ministry, while they remained still under British rule? Or, did they want, what the wisest were coming more and more to feel, that they must have sooner or later and yet what almost nobody dared to breathe—Independence?

At the beginning of the first winter after Paine's arrival, in the midst of the darkest of the uncertainty and gloom, the whole land was startled and thrilled as with an electric shock, by a pamphlet, which, making its sudden appearance, flew in an incredibly short time over all the Colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. It was Thomas Paine's '*Common Sense*.' One of the most distinguished American leaders said of it: "The book burst from the press with an effect that has rarely been produced by type and paper in any age or country." Major General Lee wrote to Washington: "Have you seen the pamphlet '*Common Sense*'? I never saw such a masterly and irresistible performance. It will, if I mistake not, in concurrence with the trans-

cendent folly and wickedness of the British Ministry, give the *coup de grace* to Great Britain. In short, I own myself *convinced of the necessity of separation.*”

Evidently the pamphlet spoke exactly the brave, clear, strong, decided word that needed to be spoken. With its appearance came speedily a marked change and advance in public sentiment. By summer the Colonies which before had hardly allowed the words separation or independence to be whispered, were ready to unite in demanding complete separation from England, and on the Fourth Day of July, as already said, the Continental Congress issued to the world its Declaration of Independence, that immortal document which severed all connection between the Mother country and her daughters, the American Colonies, and made the latter a free and independent nation.

Paine's work for the cause of American liberty did not stop with the issue of his first powerful pamphlet. It continued right on throughout all the long war that followed. He enlisted in the army; but he carried with him his pen, which proved to be needed there as much as it had been earlier. The war did not go well for the colonists. Dark days came; hearts began to grow faint, and hope burned low, as Washington sullenly retreated from position to position before Lord Howe, the British commander, who ruthlessly laid waste a large part of New Jersey. Then Paine spoke again, and as mightily as before, in a pamphlet

entitled 'The Crisis,' the first of a series. It was another "bolt out of the blue," which ran almost with the speed of lightning everywhere. It was read in homes, in pulpits, in schools. Washington had it read before every regiment of the army. The effect was electric. Hardships were forgotten. Courage came to the faintest hearts. Everywhere soldiers and citizens alike echoed the words of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death."

In a few months Paine was elected Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs created by the Congress. Consequently he left the army for more important duties. But that "Crisis" pamphlet which so nerved the arms of the soldiers at the Battle of Trenton, was followed by others hardly less effective all through the war. In all those "times that tried men's souls" no word rang out through army and town and country with such wise counsel and cheer, and power to create courage, as his. Whenever there came a defeat of the army, a new issue of 'The Crisis' was sure to appear, plucking out the sting of the defeat, and pointing to the possibilities of victories to come. Whenever the people were unduly elated and their heads turned by good fortune, immediately a new number of 'The Crisis' was certain to come, calling on everybody to take double diligence lest they be thrown off their guard, and, falling into the hands of the wily enemy, lose more than they had gained. Thus all through those seven long weary years of struggle with

Great Britain, Paine's word never failed to appear in the trying hour, rendering the American cause a service that can never be estimated. No wonder that Paine's greatest enemy wrote: "The cannon of Washington was not more formidable to the British than the pen of the author of 'Common Sense' and 'The Crisis.'"

Nor was Paine's service to his adopted country confined to the channels already named. There was another not less important. There was serious danger that the war might fail for lack of funds to carry it on. Consequently, two years before the end, Paine set on foot a Mission to France to secure financial aid. Going to Paris with Colonel Laurens, they obtained from the French Government a gift and a loan, which enabled Washington to prosecute the war successfully to the end.

I need not dwell longer upon Paine's service to America during her revolutionary struggle. Enough has been said to show that the American people owe him a debt of gratitude greater than can ever be paid.

After the close of the war, Paine remained in the country he had served so well, for some three or four years, busying himself with writing on important political subjects, especially those connected with the finances of the Government, and perfecting an invention which he had made and which he regarded as important, that of an iron bridge. Then he went back to the Old World, where he spent the next fifteen years,

partly in England and partly in France, as has already been said.

In England, he allied himself with the struggles of the labouring men for greater justice, and with the cause of liberty generally. While there, he wrote what is perhaps his very greatest book, 'The Rights of Man,' confessedly the most masterly of all the replies made to Edmund Burke's 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.' This work produced almost as great an excitement in England as his 'Common Sense' or his 'Crisis' had previously done in America. A hundred thousand copies were said to have been sold in a very short time, and it was soon translated into all the leading languages of Europe. Aimed against monarchical and aristocratic institutions, and setting forth in a fearless and powerful manner the principles of popular liberty, it could not fail to enrage the government party in England, who burned the author in effigy in various cities and towns, and instituted suits against him and his publishers, with the design of suppressing the book. On the other hand, the labouring men and the liberals of the Kingdom were loud in its praise, and sang everywhere to the tune of "God Save the King":

"God save great Thomas Paine,
His 'Rights of Man' proclaim
From pole to pole."

Of course, this work of Paine greatly increased his popularity in France, where the Revolution was already in process. As a result, very soon

four different French Departments—Calais, Abbeville, Beauvais and Versailles—elected him their representative in the National Convention. He accepted the honour of becoming a Deputy from Calais, and took his seat in the Convention as a member from the Department. He was welcomed to a seat in the governing body of the country with most enthusiastic honours.

But a crisis in the affairs of France which neither he nor any others could foresee was at hand. The “Reign of Terror” was drawing nigh. Paine believed with all his soul in the great underlying principles of liberty and equality which were at the basis of the French Revolution; but he did not believe in the wild, lawless, extravagances to which under blood-thirsty and unprincipled men these principles were soon to be carried. In the Convention, while outspoken and uncompromising for liberty, he at once and boldly took his stand for law and order. All through the wild days that soon came on, he voted and acted with the Girondists, or moderate liberals, and against the Jacobins. I know not where in all history a nobler or a braver deed can be found than his defence of Louis XVI and his effort to save that monarch’s life by a speech and a vote which he knew would almost certainly cost him his own life. The stand he took caused him to be thrown into the Luxemburg prison and kept there nearly a year, whence he daily expected to be hurried to the guillotine. Indeed, at one time the order was actually given for his death, and

except for a mistake of the jailer in marking his cell door, his head would have fallen. Soon after the death of Robespierre, he was released and again took his seat in the Convention.

In 1802, he left France and returned to America, where, as has been said, he spent the remaining seven years of his life, making his home a part of the time at New Rochelle (near New York City), where the State of New York had given him a farm and a home, and where there is now a fine monument in his honour.

On his return to America, Paine found a change of public sentiment toward him which can only be described as one of the most remarkable in history. He left America the idol of the people. He moved in the highest society. The greatest men of the Revolution were his friends and companions. As we have seen, it was common to associate together "the sword of Washington and the pen of Paine" as the two prime factors in winning the revolutionary war.

When he returned, a large part of public sentiment toward him was as ice; it was worse, it was positively hostile and even vindictive. This does not apply to all; such of the broader-minded men as had worked and fought by his side in the great struggle for the nation's freedom and were not religious bigots, still respected and honoured him. But the Christian churches generally and the main body of the religious community had turned against him, and were united in denouncing him as an infidel, an atheist, an enemy of God and

religion, and therefore an enemy of everything that was good.

What was the cause of this amazing change?

It was the writing of his book, 'The Age of Reason.' Let us see what the book really was; how it came to be written, and whether or not it justified the violent alteration of public sentiment toward its author.

Did the work teach atheism? No! Paine was an earnest believer in God and in worship, and the book strongly upheld both. Did the volume oppose religion? No! It strongly defended what Paine regarded as true and pure religion. It only rejected certain beliefs, teachings and practices connected with popular Christianity (so-called "orthodox" Christianity) which Paine regarded as superstitious, untrue, unethical, degrading to the character of God, and therefore harmful to religion and to humanity. That which was the chief offence of the book, that in it which brought down upon the head of its author the fiercest anathemas, was its attack upon the infallibility of the Bible, the overwhelming evidences which he brought forward showing that the book was a human product, that it contains imperfections of many kinds,—for example, various historic inaccuracies; contradictions of Science, such as the creation of the world and man in six days; averments of impossibilities, such as the covering of the whole earth, even "the high mountains," with a flood, and the preservation of "twos" or "sevens" of all the animals of the

earth during the flood, in a boat or "ark"; and most serious of all, immoral teachings, such as that God commanded Saul to slaughter a whole tribe or nation of human beings, saying, "Spare none, but slay all, both man and woman, infant and suckling."

The maddening thing about Paine's book was that nobody could show that it was untrue. Pulpits thundered against it; the press poured out numberless articles, pamphlets and books denouncing it. But nobody could deny its facts: there they stood. The more men attempted to answer the book, the plainer it became that no effective answer, no real answer, was possible. Today there is not a reputable scholar in Christendom, of any sect or denomination or name, but who accepts Paine's central claims and main contentions as undeniable.

This does not mean that Paine was right in all that he wrote. It does not mean that his 'Age of Reason' was without errors—errors of fact and especially errors of inference, reasoning and judgment. It could not be free from such errors, written, as it was, a century and a half ago. The truth is, the book is not one of or for today. It did a great and needed work in its time; but its usefulness is past. Modern biblical scholarship, of which Paine knew nothing because it had not come into existence in his age, gives us a far more intelligent and a far truer understanding of the Bible than it was possible for him or any one else writing in his day to give. If Paine had

possessed the knowledge of the Bible's origin and real nature which scholars have discovered since he lived, he would have written many things differently. He would have done the Bible more justice. He would have dwelt less on its errors and more on its great and important truths. He would have realized that errors in a book do not necessarily destroy its greatness. They do not in Shakespeare. Why should they in the Bible? While he would have been able to prove, and doubtless would have proved even more indisputably than he did, or than any one could do in his day, that the Bible is not infallible, is not a miraculous revelation from God, free from imperfections, we may be sure that he would have assigned to it a much higher place than he did assign it, among the great religious literature of the world.

It needs to be understood that the reason why Paine was so hostile to the doctrine of Bible infallibility and felt the need of destroying it in the interest of religion, was that the main body of the Christian Church had made the doctrine the basis of an unutterably shocking system of theology, which consigned nine-tenths of the human race to a hell of endless torment.

We cannot do Paine justice without informing ourselves exactly as to what his views of religion were, and especially under what conditions and for what purpose he wrote his 'Age of Reason.'

He tells us in the book itself why he wrote it. The following are his words:

"It has been my intention for several years to publish my thoughts upon religion. I am well aware of the difficulties that attend the subject, and from that consideration have reserved it to a more advanced period of life. I intended it to be the last offering I should make to my fellow citizens of all nations, and that at a time when the purity of the motives that induced me to it, could not admit of question, even by those who might disapprove of the work."

He makes a strong argument in support of his belief in God.

"Do we want to contemplate God's power? We see it in the immensity of creation. Do we want to contemplate his wisdom? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate his munificence? We see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate his mercy? We see it in his not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search his Scriptures called Creation."

He affirms his belief in immortality, saying:

"I hope for happiness after this life. I consider myself in the hands of my Creator, and that he will dispose of me after my earthly life consistently with his justice and his goodness. I leave these things in his hands as my Creator and my Friend."

As regards practical religion, he says:

"I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavouring to make our fellow creatures happy."

The evidence is simply overwhelming that Paine wrote his 'Age of Reason' not in opposition to religion but as an effort to save it; not as a friend of atheism but desiring to do all in his power to check it. He saw the French people rushing wildly into atheism, undertaking to banish the worship of God, and denouncing religion in all its forms. To him this seemed madness. He believed that to save religion, it must be stripped

of everything that is repellent to reason. He would do what he could to that end. Therefore, he wrote his book. Its aim was to purify religion, not to destroy it; to give a higher idea of God, not to create disbelief in God.

Some years later, he wrote a letter to his friend Samuel Adams, describing still more fully his reasons for writing 'The Age of Reason' and the circumstances under which it was produced.

He says:

"I was in Paris. The 'Reign of Terror' was at its height. My friends were falling as fast as the guillotine could cut off their heads: and, as I expected every day the same fate, I resolved to begin my work. I appeared to myself to be on my death-bed; for death was on every side of me and I had no time to lose. This accounts for my writing at the time I did; and so nicely did time and intention meet that I had not finished the first part of the work more than six hours before I was arrested and taken to prison. The people of France were running headlong into atheism; and I had the work translated into their own language to stop them in that career."

Here we have the fullest and clearest statement possible, from Paine's own pen, of the reason why and the circumstances under which he wrote his great work. Was such a man an atheist, or an infidel, or an enemy of religion?

Yet because 'The Age of Reason' expressed facts and views concerning the Bible which today no scholar dares deny, he was denounced by practically the whole religious public of America and England, and branded with the bitterest names that language could furnish.

And all this after he had rendered to America service little if any less valuable than that

rendered by any of her great revolutionary patriots, even Washington.

In 1794, James Monroe (later President of the United States) wrote to Paine:

"The crime of ingratitude (ingratitude to you), I trust will never stain our national (American) character. You (Paine) are considered by all your countrymen (in the United States) as one who has not only rendered important service to them, but also as one who on a still more extensive scale, (in England and France) has been a friend of human rights, and a distinguished and able advocate of public liberty. To the welfare and worth of Thomas Paine the American people can never be indifferent."

Alas! how little did Monroe dream of what was coming! How little did he understand the power of religious bigotry!

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind!
Thou art not more unkind
Than man's ingratitude."

It is gratifying to know that this religious bigotry is slowly growing less in America, although it is clear that much more time must elapse before it will all be gone. Within a very few years of the present time a President of the United States has, in a public address, uttered the amazing words: "Tom Paine, that filthy little atheist!" Happily, from many sources, and the most intelligent in the land, there came the quick and stinging reply: You ought to know, Sir, that the distinguished man you have so lightly sneered at, was not "filthy," was not an "atheist" and was not "little," in any sense whatever—in body, in mind or in achievement. Who are you that you presume to look down upon and slander such a man? We would like to inform you that, what-

ever may be your own ignorant and bigoted judgment, the judgment of mankind has long ago settled it that Thomas Paine is nothing less than a bright fixed star in the sky of the world's noblest struggles for human freedom.

There is still more to be said about Thomas Paine. Great as was his work in connection with the American and French Revolutions, and in advocating the rights of the labouring people in England, and also in writing his 'Age of Reason,' these do not give us the whole man. Paine's mind was one of the most forward-looking, wide-ranging, fertile, daring, original, known to modern history. In his thinking he could not and would not be "cabined" or "confined." He was forever reaching out after the new and the better. He was singularly inventive, if not as a speculative thinker, at least in useful directions. His invention of an iron bridge, the first of the kind in the world, is an illustration. No student of his writings or life can fail to be amazed at finding how many of the most important new political, social, industrial, economic, and religious ideals, movements and reforms, of the last hundred years, which in the public mind are associated in no way with Paine's name, as a fact were actually proposed and advocated by him. Let us see what some of these were.

He seems to have been one of the first, if not the very first, to advocate the abolition of negro slavery. So far as is known, he was the first to suggest legal protection for dumb animals. The

claims are made, which seem all to be well-founded, that he was the first to advocate legal justice to women, including legal equality with men; the first to suggest more rational ideas of marriage and divorce; the first to propose the education of the children of the poor at public expense, including girls as well as boys; the first to propose and defend the demand, "the land for the people"; the first to propose old age pensions; the first to expose the absurdity and criminality of duelling; the first in America to advocate arbitration as the means of insuring international peace; and the first to propose and to write the great words, *The United States of America*.

All this is an amazing record. Paine was not only an American patriot, he was also a world patriot. When Franklin said to him: "Where liberty is, there is my country," Paine replied with the still nobler sentiment, "Where liberty is not, there is my country." These words exactly describe Paine. Wherever men were oppressed and struggling for freedom, no matter in what land, there Paine wanted to be, to give his aid.

Readers of the writings of Paine can hardly fail to be struck with the abhorrence of war and the love of peace which they everywhere express; and with their striking modernness, too, in that everywhere they recognize so clearly, what our best minds of today are recognizing,—that the way to get rid of war and to secure peace is to do everything possible to promote international goodwill, mutual trust between nations, co-operation,

brotherhood, friendship, and to avoid all those things that tend to create international antagonism and distrust. It has been claimed that Paine was the first American who ever urged a League of Nations. In his writings we find, over and over, not only such expressions as "limitation of armaments" and "dismantling of navies," but such great constructive words and expressions as "neighbourhood of nations," "confederation of nations," "confederated powers," "European Congress," "Court of Arbitration" and "Republic of the World."

As early as July, 1775, he wrote:

"I am in so far a Quaker that I would gladly agree with all the world to lay aside the use of arms, and settle matters by negotiations."

In his 'Rights of Man,' he wrote:

"If men will permit themselves to think, as rational beings ought to think, nothing can appear more ridiculous and absurd, exclusive of all moral reflections, than to be at the expense of building navies, filling them with men and then hauling them into the ocean, to try which can sink each other fastest. Peace, which costs nothing, is attended with infinitely more advantage than any victory with all its expense. But this, though it best answers the purpose of nations, does not that of court governments, whose habited policy is pretence for taxation, places, and offices.

"With how much more glory, and advantage to itself, does a nation act, when it exerts its powers to rescue the world from bondage, and to create itself friends, than when it employs those powers to increase ruin, desolation and misery."

To understand the full significance and greatness of these words, we must not forget that they were written nearly a century and a half ago.

Paine was one of the most unselfish of men. Moncure Conway, his most trustworthy

biographer, says of him: "Paine's services to the American cause cannot, at this distance of time, be estimated by any records of them, nor by his printed works. They are best measured in the value set on them by the great leaders most cognizant of them,—by Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Robert Morris, Chancellor Livingston, R. H. Lee, Colonel Laurens, General Greene. Had there been anything mercenary or self-seeking or dishonourable in Paine's career, these are the men who would have known it; but their letters are searched in vain for even the faintest hint of anything disparaging to his patriotic devotion during those eight weary years of the war." Paine held back absolutely nothing from the American cause. He even gave up to the States the copyright of all his writings, refusing to retain for himself a penny of profit, and even paying out of his own pocket for copies to send to friends. By such extreme unselfishness and generosity he kept himself during a large part of the revolutionary period in great poverty, some of the time in suffering, whereas the historians of the time tell us that if he had retained for himself the profits accruing from his writings, as he had a perfect right to do, he "might have had in his pocket fifty thousand pounds."

Of course, Paine had many enemies, just as all men have who dare to support unpopular causes: that is to say, just as Jesus and Luther and George Fox and Mazzini and Garrison and Lincoln had

in their day, and just as, today, Gandhi has, and Patel and Nehru and Madame Naidu and all the patriotic men and women who are struggling to win freedom for India.

As was natural, too, the enemies of Paine set afloat many evil stories about him, with the aim of injuring his reputation. But it is gratifying to be able to say that all of them have been carefully examined by students of his life, with the result of proving beyond refutation that not one is true in any sense that leaves a blot on his moral character. One of the stories that has been circulated most widely by "orthodox" religious pulpits and press, is, that when he came to the end of his life he realized the "wickedness" of his "infidelity" and "atheism" and his "sin" in writing his 'Age of Reason,' and "died in remorse and agony, cursing God."

Although this story has been repeated thousands of times, and continues to be told today in unintelligent communities, the most thorough investigation proved from the first that there was no truth in it, but that he died as he had lived, glad that he had been able to give to the world all his writings, 'The Age of Reason' with the rest, comforted by his belief in God and in immortality, and falling asleep in perfect peace.

There is much more to be said, that will never lose its interest to humanity, about Thomas Paine, that mighty foe of tyranny, that mighty friend of God, man and human freedom! I cannot better close than by quoting two of his

sayings, which are so fine that I wish they might be inscribed in letters of gold over the entrance to every church and temple and mosque and every legislative hall and government building in the world. They are these:

“Any system of theology that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system.”

“The world is my country and to do good is my religion.”

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Longfellow is undoubtedly the most widely read and best beloved poet of America. I think, too, it would not be extravagant to say, that, until Rabindranath Tagore, India's great poet, came on the scene, he was the most widely read and best beloved poet of the world. I know this seems a very strong statement: but when we attempt to call to mind any other poet to place before Longfellow in these respects, where are we to find him? Perhaps we may believe that England has poets who are more widely read and loved. But who are they? Very likely we may suggest Shakespeare. The almost universal verdict is that Shakespeare is England's greatest poet; many men of highest judgment not only in England but in other lands rank him as the world's greatest. But, as a fact, he is not very widely read outside of the literary classes; and he does not reach the hearts of the people of England or of any country to anything like the extent that Burns reaches the hearts of Scotchmen, Thomas Moore the hearts of the Irish, Schiller the hearts of Germans, or that Longfellow reaches the hearts of both Americans and Englishmen.

Shall we say that Tennyson is more widely read and loved than Longfellow? This does not seem to be true even in England; certainly it is not true in America; nor does it appear to be true in any of the countries of Continental Europe.

During the last half of Longfellow's life, no

American was more highly honoured at home or abroad than he. When he travelled in England and on the Continent of Europe, he was everywhere shown the greatest consideration by all classes, from royalty and the most distinguished authors and scholars, to the humblest working people. He was shown the same consideration at home. When distinguished foreigners came to America, they nearly always wanted, if possible, to meet Longfellow. Many such were entertained in his home in Cambridge. When he was in England, he visited Windsor by the invitation of the Queen. England's two proudest universities conferred upon him their highest degrees. When he died, his bust in marble was placed in England's sacred Westminster Abbey. This was the first honour of the kind ever conferred upon an American.

His works have been translated into all the leading languages of the world. Parts have been rendered even into Latin, Hebrew, Chinese and Sanskrit.

I found Longfellow better known in India than any other poet of America, or any of England except Shakespeare. In Bombay, I was requested by the students of the University to give them a lecture on Longfellow, as America's greatest poet, which, of course, I was glad to do.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells the story of a poor immigrant boy from Ireland whom he met in Cambridge (Mass.) vainly inquiring the way to the spot where once grew the "spreading

chestnut tree " which Longfellow had made famous by his poem, "The Village Blacksmith." The boy had read and loved the poem in his far-away Irish home, and now on the very day after landing in America, he wanted to find the places where the "village smithy" stood and where the writer of the poem lived.

No other American poet, and no English poet except Shakespeare and possibly Tennyson, has been so extensively and so splendidly illustrated as Longfellow. The English publishing house of the Routledges paid Sir John Gilbert two thousand pounds for his illustrations of a single one of their editions of Longfellow's poems.

These facts show how Longfellow's writings have found the hearts of humanity, alike the most intellectual and the most exalted and the most humble, all over the world.

Nor is Longfellow thus popular in his own and other lands, for any reasons but the highest and best. His popularity is a credit to universal human nature. He does not stoop in his writings to flatter or encourage the weaknesses or vices or passions or foibles of men, and thus gain their applause. He never stoops to anything low or unworthy. The sentiments he expresses are always high and pure. He appeals to the best that is in men—to self-respect, to honour, to aspiration, to duty, to right, to love, to sympathy, to unselfishness, to patriotism, to reverence and trust and worship,—to all those deep sentiments and instincts of the soul, which bind men to their

fellowmen and humanity to God, and which constitute the glory of our universal human nature. To Longfellow's appeal to the best in men, the best everywhere responds. This is the explanation of his widespread popularity. It is the noblest kind of popularity, and it is the most enduring.

Strange as it may seem to us who think of Longfellow only as a poet, his earliest writing was not poetry at all. It was the very unpoetical writing of text-books in connection with his teaching of modern European languages, as a college professor, first for six years at Bowdoin College, Maine, and later for seventeen years at Harvard College, in Cambridge, near Boston. By his studies in America, supplemented by four years or more of study in Europe, he had made himself master of some five or six of the leading European languages. As a result, he wrote no fewer than seven college text-books for students of French, Italian and Spanish.

Few persons today have any knowledge of the large amount of careful, laborious, scholarly work which he performed in his early years in connection with his vocation as a college professor of modern languages.

Fortunately for the world, in a few years he gave up this kind of writing, which other men without his literary genius could do essentially as well, and devoted his whole time and strength to that which they could not do at all, but for which he was born, and had a divine call, as seen in the

very fact that he was endowed with that power of imagination and that creative literary genius which constitute the true poet.

After he laid aside his text-book writing, he still wrote more or less prose for a time. His first book of creative literature was a work not of poetry but of prose,—his *Outre Mer*, a volume of travel. It grew out of his extensive journeyings and studies in Western and Southern Europe, and consisted of charming sketches, or I may say pictures, more or less idealized, of places where he had been, scenes which he had witnessed, and the life of the people among whom he had mingled, together with interesting old tales and legends which he had gathered in the course of his journeyings. It was altogether a delightful book, and was well received. Four years later, he wrote another prose work called *Hyperion: a Romance*. It was much the same kind of thing as the *Outre Mer*, only a little more elaborate, a little more of a story, a book containing a little more thought, at least a little more of his own thought. This, too, was well received by the public. Many compared it with the *Sketch Book* of Washington Irving and thought it not much inferior. Indeed, this work made it plain that Longfellow was master of a prose style well-nigh as light, graceful and picturesque as Irving's. Add a touch more of humour, and its charm would have been declared as great as that of Irving.

By this time, however, Longfellow was turning his attention more and more to poetry, and

realizing with increasing clearness that in this direction was to lie his real life work.

He wrote only one more book in prose, a short work of fiction called *Kavanagh*, ten years later, seemingly produced as a change and rest from strenuous, poetical composition. *Kavanagh* is a short, simple, pleasant story of New England village and country life, entertaining, but showing plainly that Longfellow's genius was not that of a great novelist.

So much for Longfellow's career as a prose writer.

Turning to his career as a poet, we find that he did a large and very valuable service to his generation in translating into English much of the best poetry of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries. A large volume of these translations, entitled *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, was published and had a large sale.

Only one of his translations can be mentioned here. That one is the latest and most important, namely, his rendering into English in poetical form, of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Longfellow was a fine Italian scholar and a lifetime admirer and lover of the great Italian poet. His translation, which was the work of years, and a true "labour of love," possesses essentially all the charm and the merits of an original composition, so fully did Longfellow put his heart and his own poetical genius into it. Of the several translations of the great poem into English that have been made, his is by far the best. Want of

space forbids quotations from the poem itself, but we make room for one of the sonnets with which Longfellow introduces the poem. Longfellow conceives of the great poem as a vast and stately cathedral, rich in art, a symbol of the soul of man, uplifting yet awful in its glories and its glooms. As he stands before it, he writes:

“How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediaeval miracle of song!”

We pass now to Longfellow's original work as a poet. Of course, it is this, not his translating of the poetry of others—however valuable that work might be—that gives him his place among the world's great singers.

The amount of Longfellow's original poetry is large,—larger than that of any other American poet, though considerably less than that of Shakespeare and a little less than that of Tennyson.

If we try to classify Longfellow's poetry, it is convenient, first of all, to divide it into two groups, the long poems and the short. Such a division is somewhat arbitrary: but it is practically helpful.

The long-poem group comprises five poems,

namely, "The Spanish Student," "Christus," "The Song of Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Let us glance at each separately.

The earliest written was "The Spanish Student." It is a comedy, bright, gay in parts, and an interesting picture of Spanish life; but it is the least important of the five poems. It is oftenest called to mind in America by the fact that in it is found the fine lyric entitled a "Serenade to a Gypsy Girl," which was early set to fitting music by an American composer, and has ever since been one of our most popular songs. Its first stanza reads:

"Stars of the summer night,
Far in your azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps,
My lady sleeps."

Much the longest of Longfellow's poems is "Christus." This is a drama: or rather it is three subordinate dramas so connected as to form a greater drama. Moreover, each one of the shorter dramas is composed of a group of separate short poems each complete in itself, but so joined as to supplement one another and all together tell a story or produce a dramatic effect. The first of the three subordinate dramas is called "The Divine Tragedy." It is a retelling in poetical language and form of the Gospel story of the life and tragic death of Jesus. The second of the three is called "The Golden Legend" and is composed of a number of legendary stories portraying

in a graphic and interesting way the superstitious but devout religious life of Germany and Italy in the thirteenth century. The third of the three is called "The New England Tragedies." It is made up of narratives of the cruel persecutions of the "Quakers" of Boston and the "Witches" of Salem between the years 1665 and 1692. Well may these stories be called tragedies. We shudder as we read them, and wonder that such inhumanities can ever have been perpetrated in New England. The stories are told with much dramatic power.

The thought of Longfellow in writing the three subordinate dramas and uniting them into one was to show the high ethical and spiritual character of Christianity at first, as it originated in the life and teachings of Jesus, its founder; and then, how far away from its original pure character it wandered in the superstitious Roman Catholicism of the European Middle Age, and in the stern Protestant Puritanism of America in the seventeenth century. The poet concludes his tripartite drama with the following simple but beautifully described vision of the Christian world at last becoming conscious of its wanderings and returning in humility to the pure religion of Jesus.

"From all vain pomps and shows
From the pride that overthrows,
From the false conceits of men;
From the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry:

‘Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.”

By far the most popular of Longfellow's long poems are his “Hiawatha,” his “Evangeline,” and his “Miles Standish.” They are much more read than any other of his writings except perhaps twenty or thirty of his short poems. Indeed, probably no other poems of the same length are so much read in the whole English-speaking world. Space permits only a few brief words of descriptions of them, without any quotations.

“The Song of Hiawatha” consists of twenty-two legends of the red Indian aborigines of America, portraying in a very simple but really fascinating manner the main features of the life of that in some ways gifted race of people who possessed the country before the Europeans came. The picture which the poem gives is much idealized; and yet as a portrayal of the finer side of the life and civilization (or semi-civilization) of the early Americans, it is essentially true. As a gallery of unique and very charming literary portraits of an interesting race that is fast passing away, the poem is historically important and is sure to live.

“The Courtship of Miles Standish” is a happily told, half humorous, tale of the first

English settlers of America, at Plymouth, Massachusetts. It possesses a charm which is never lost, however often one reads it.

“*Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie*” is the tragic story of a colony of early French settlers in Nova Scotia who were driven from their homes when their country was conquered by the British. *Evangeline*, the heroine of the tale, and the young man Gabriel, her lover, whom she was about to marry, migrated to Louisiana in the far South (which was then a French colony). But they were separated, and the story tells of her long, arduous, weary, patient, loving, devoted and often perilous search for her lost lover, which ended at last in her discovering him an old man, in a hospital, nigh to death. One may search long to find a more romantic or a more pathetic story, or one more beautifully told.

We come now to Longfellow's large and rich array of short poems, nearly three hundred in number, consisting of ballads, sonnets, poems of description and reflection, legends told in verse and lyrics.

All his life Longfellow was a lover of legends. During his years in Europe, he delved deeply into the legendary lore of the Old World, and later with equal diligence into the interesting legends of the North American Indians. Out of these studies came many of the most charming of his poems and groups of poems, as seen in his “*Golden Legend*,” “*Hiawatha*” and “*Tales of a Wayside Inn*.”

As a writer of ballads, Longfellow has few superiors, among his best known being "The Skeleton in Armour," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and "Paul Revere's Ride." It hardly seems possible to conceive of stories told with more life and fire.

Longfellow is conspicuous as a writer of sonnets, giving us not fewer than sixty-six of his own, besides nearly a score in translations. Many literary critics regard the sonnet as an important test, if not the supreme test, of a poet's vigour of thought, power of condensation, sense of form, and precision as well as felicity in the use of words. How does Longfellow stand the test of the sonnet? Better than any other American poet. American critics believe he justly ranks with the best sonnet writers in England, that is, with Wordsworth, Keats, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Shakespeare. I have already cited one of his sonnets (connected with Dante). Here is another.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the Mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-waves of the soul
And inspirations, that we deem our own.
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control."

Longfellow is one of the first of lyric poets, at least in the English language. The test of the lyric is whether it can be sung, whether it readily adapts itself to music and as song reaches the popular heart. Judged by this test, how does Longfellow stand? An answer may be given in a concrete form. In looking through the catalogue of a leading American music publishing house, I find fifty-two of Longfellow's poems set to music, some as solos, some as duets, some as quartets, some as elaborate cantatas,—and by the foremost musical composers of America, England, France, Germany and Italy. How does Longfellow compare in this respect with such famous song writers as the Scotch Robert Burns, the English Tennyson, and the German Heine? In this catalogue, I find set to music forty-seven lyrics of Tennyson, twenty-seven of Burns, and thirty-nine of Heine. Thus all fall below Longfellow.*

Longfellow has rendered valuable service to the world as a poet of nature. Lovers of nature, lovers of the great world of earth, air, sky, field, woods, mountain and sea will always love him for his nature-pictures found in so many of his short poems and scattered everywhere throughout his long poems. True, he often shows in his descriptions of nature that he is not technically speaking, a scientist. There is in him nothing like that

* Here we may well be reminded of India's great poet, Rabindranath Tagore, whose lyrics are more numerous than those of any Western writer. Great numbers of his lyrics have been set to music by the poet himself, and sung by millions.

sharpness of minute knowledge and observation, which we find in the trained scientist, or in such a writer as Thoreau or John Burroughs. There are persons who, for this reason, have spoken disparagingly of his poems of nature, and his descriptions of natural objects and scenes. But such persons forget what poetry is, what ends it serves, and how it differs from science. The scientist sees the physical or material fact: the poet sees that possibly not so sharply or accurately as the scientist, but besides that he also sees beauty, suggestion, symbol, spiritual meaning, something which relates that physical fact to himself, to mind, to the infinite energy from which it came, to the universe of things and of thought. Has the scientist a right, then, to sneer at the poet? There is need for the scientist's careful observation of external facts and manifestations. But there is not less need for the poet's deeper vision, which sees nature's spiritual significancies. Longfellow saw and felt nature as you and I may see and feel her, if we will lay aside our haste and be still, thoughtful, reverent in her presence; if we will stop in our rush and fever, and love the flowers at our feet, and not merely glance at them; lie down on the grass and rest on its bosom; bare our heads in silence under the night skies; walk in the woods, and drink in their spirit; sit down on the seashore and let the infinities of the sea speak to us of the infinities of God and our own souls. There are few ways in which Longfellow has done more for humanity than in writing poems

of insight into nature's heart,—poems which are windows for ever inviting men to look through the seen to the unseen and the eternal.

Longfellow has value as a teacher of history, particularly American history, as seen in his "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," "New England Tragedies," and some fifteen or twenty of his shorter pieces. Of course, in reading the historical poetry of Longfellow, or any one else, one should understand the difference between ordinary history written as such in prose form, and history written with poetical ends in view and in poetical form. The erudite prose historian with no poetry in his soul, writes history, or is supposed to write it, with every date exact and every minute fact and event in its place with scrupulous accuracy. But when it is done, very likely it is all "dry as dust;" and if so, almost nobody reads it. The poet comes along, with imagination and fire in his soul, and writes of the same events, tells the same historical story; but he puts it into pictures; he causes the story to pass like a panorama before the sight; he makes everything in it alive. The result is everybody reads it. Which is the better? Of course, there is a place for each. But certainly we should be thankful for the poet, who has the genius to make history live and breathe.

It is hardly necessary to say that Longfellow is not a "problem" poet; or in any technical sense, a philosophical poet, or a poet of psychological analysis. If you want any of these qualities

Henry W. Longfellow

in poetry, go to Emerson, or Matthew Arnold, or Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Browning, or Goethe.

Comparing Longfellow with other American poets, Lowell is more purely intellectual, more brilliant, richer in ideas; Holmes is incomparably more witty; Bryant is more stately; Poe is perhaps more subtle and delicate (at least he is more artificial); Emerson is more profound; Whittier is more deeply religious and more fervent as a reformer. But Longfellow is wider in his sympathies than any of the others; more successful in reaching the universal heart of humanity; more perfectly endowed with that poetical genius (than which none can be higher) which instinctively recognizes the poetry, the beauty, the spiritual significance, the worth, the glory, that exists unseen, waiting to be revealed in every object of nature, in every event of life, and especially in every human soul, whether king or beggar. His lines in "Hiawatha," written to describe another, in some respects at least suggest himself:

He the sweetest of all singers,
Beautiful and childlike was he;
Brave as man is, soft as woman;
All the many sounds of Nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love and longing,
Sang of death, and love undying
In the land of the hereafter.
For his gentleness they loved him
And the magic of his singing."

“There is no topic so homely that the divining rod of Longfellow does not find the poetry in it, and set it singing like the statue of Memnon smitten by the sunrise.” This is a great and precious gift. The common life which men live all around us has in it so much that is heavy and hard, so much of lead and iron, that he is a benefactor of the truest kind who can come along and touch the lead and iron, even if only in spots and patches here and there, and turn them into the silver of joy and the gold of beauty. He is the truest poet, as well as the noblest friend of his kind, who can sing such songs that feet which before had dragged and plodded, begin to tread with vigour and spring; who can touch eyes which before were dull and heavy, and by his touch make them see the world full of light, and life full of meaning. This making common things reveal new beauties and glories, and common everyday life take on new worth, is the noblest work of poetry or religion; it is the place where poetry and religion flow together and become one; and whenever a singer appears among men gifted of heaven with power to do this, the nations rise up and call him blessed.

Longfellow was a man of high culture and large learning. Why did not these cut him off from access to the common mind? Why did they not come between him and the child at its play, the man at his toil, or the woman in her sorrow? It was because his culture was true culture, and not sham. It was because his learn-

ing had been made thoroughly a part of himself. It was not something attached to him, which lumbered and cumbered him, as is so often the case with learned men; it was a part of him, saturating all his thought and life, making him a larger and finer man, and all his thinking and writing more wise and true and beautiful. Hardly any poet of modern times except Goethe was possessed of so broad, varied and ripe a scholarship as Longfellow. In ten thousand ways his writings show evidence of his large and rich stores of knowledge. But all his culture, instead of making him unnatural, makes him more perfectly natural. Exquisitely artistic, he is never artificial. His art is so true that it only helps nature to be more perfectly herself. This is the perfection of art, the consummation of culture.

America has produced no poet more loved by children than Longfellow. The reasons why are plain. What other poet has carried children and childhood so sacredly in his heart through all his years? Hear him sing,

“Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.
What are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?”

As I read his lines, I cannot but think of that other lover of little ones, in Galilee, of old, who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I do not wonder that the children loved Longfellow! I do not wonder that they wrote him letters, and ran to meet him and greet him on the street and thronged about him to take him by the hand, and when they went by his home pointed and said, "That is Mr. Longfellow's house." I do not wonder that the children of the public schools in so many parts of America, yes and of England too, delight to celebrate his birthday. I do not wonder that the children of Cambridge where he lived, commemorated his seventy-second birthday, by presenting him with a beautiful arm-chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree," under which the "village smithy" stood, of which he had so beautifully sung. I do not wonder that with so much love for childhood in his heart, he never grew old. Swedenborg tells us that the angels in heaven grow younger as they grow older. Surely then Longfellow must have been an angel; for at seventy-five he was still as young at heart as a child.

Perhaps it is a just criticism of Longfellow that he was not conspicuous as a "reformer," that he did not use his pen to aid the great moral, social, religious and political reforms of his day to the extent that Whittier, Lowell and Emerson did. As a matter of fact, however, he was in

sympathy with essentially all reforms that were intelligent and deep-rooted, and in a general way he supported all. But he was not by nature an agitator, an advocate or a propagandist. His method of reform was that of evolution; not at all that of revolution. At least two of the great reforms of his time he distinctly supported with his pen. He wrote a series of poems against slavery, warm and earnest, though not white-hot like those of Whittier. And he wrote at least one really ringing poem against war. Here are some of its strong lines:

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the world from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts.
The warrior’s name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.
Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease:
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, “Peace!”

The whole poem is one of great beauty and power.

If inquiry is made regarding Longfellow’s religion, the answer is that it was the religion of the Golden Rule and the Lord’s Prayer of Jesus. He declares its aim to be

“To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God
And ample as the wants of men.”

In other words, Longfellow was Unitarian. His brother, Samuel Longfellow, was a distinguished Unitarian minister eminent as a hymn writer.

There are critics who declare that Longfellow's poetry is not great, because it is simple, because so much that he has written can be understood by the unlettered, because all his writings make so strong an appeal to universal human experiences and to the universal human heart. But if these qualities destroy greatness, then the songs of Burns are not great, for no verse can be simpler than his, and none goes straighter to the universal heart of men. By this test Millet, the painter of the "Angelus" was not great in art, for his pictures are of humble Breton peasants. By this standard the Psalms of the Old Testament are not great, for no lyrics were ever more simple, or ever had more power with the common people. By this standard Jesus must be denied greatness, for in His incomparable Sermon on the Mount each utterance is like a dewdrop for clearness, and of His wonderful parables each is like a perfect flower in its simple beauty. Teachings cannot be simpler, teachings cannot go more straight to the heart of humanity, than those of Jesus. Does this show that Jesus was not great? Rather, it shows that He was supremely great. Simplicity instead of detracting from greatness, is an essential element of true greatness. We should bear this in mind in judging of Longfellow's poetry.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

We must not allow ourselves to be confused over the name, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It stands, not for one man alone, but for two distinguished Americans, father and son; one a great jurist, the other an eminent physician, essayist and poet; one belonging to the nineteenth century, the other now living. The Supreme Court of the United States consists of nine Circuit Judges. For many years past the Judge who, although not the official head of that distinguished body, has been widely regarded as its greatest mind, and, better still, as its most unflinching and uncompromising defender of justice to all men whether high or low, and to all causes whether popular or unpopular, has been Oliver Wendell Holmes, Junior. Within the past year, he has retired from the Bench at the advanced age of about ninety, vigorous to the last, and to the last giving forth to the country legal judgments showing no signs of weakening in either their intellectual or their moral power.

His long and eminent service to his country and the high encomiums upon the same which have appeared in all our best papers and which have been heard from hundreds of pulpits and platforms in all parts of the land, have, with all the rest, called public attention to the very interesting and striking fact that forty years ago there was another Oliver Wendell Holmes, his father, who, in another line, was as great, as famous and as

highly and justly honoured as he. It is of this man, the great father of the great son, that I am writing in the article which follows.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes, the First, died in 1894, at the age of eighty-five. He was the last survivor of that group of distinguished American (New England) poets of which Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier were the other members. A few words will suffice to give the main outline of his life.

He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, only a little way from the grounds of Harvard University, in a quaint and famous old house, with gambrel roof and wide chimneys. The house had come down from pre-Revolutionary times, and was full of historic associations and interesting old reminiscences. In it General Artemas Ward of Revolutionary fame, established his headquarters after the famous little battle of Lexington; and in one of its wide old chambers the equally famous battle of Bunker Hill was determined upon and planned. Here Washington was entertained, and here Benedict Arnold, who later turned traitor to the American cause, received his first commission. Its floors were indented by the butts of the muskets of revolutionary soldiers. When it was torn down, there was a general feeling of regret throughout all Cambridge and we may almost say, throughout the whole nation.

Holmes' father was a minister—the pastor, for thirty-five years, of the First Congregational church of Cambridge. He was orthodox in his theology, antiquarian in his tastes, and very dry as a preacher. One of his deacons declared of him that he “fed his congregation saw-dust with a spoon.”

Young Oliver Wendell early became convinced that the theology of his father—a somewhat modified Calvinism—was a good theology “to emigrate from.” Accordingly very early in his manhood he emigrated to the sunnier and more attractive, and as he believed, the healthier and more fertile, land of a more liberal and rational faith (Unitarian).

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He entered Harvard, graduating with the very famous class of 1829 when he was twenty years of age. Among his Harvard classmates were James Freeman Clarke and William Henry Channing, the distinguished preachers and writers; Benjamin Pierce, the great mathematician; Benjamin R. Curtis, of the United States Supreme Court; and George T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of Massachusetts. Such names are enough to make any class famous. But what more than anything else has attracted the attention of the country and the world to the class, has been the poems written by the incomparable poet of the class, Oliver Wendell Holmes, on the occasions of its re-unions. Turn to a volume of the collected poetical writings

of Holmes and we will find under the heading "Poems of the Class of 1829," no fewer than thirty-two pieces, of many lengths and many metres, and ranging through almost the whole gamut of human feeling, from the most rollicking fun to the most soul-stirring patriotism, and from that on again to the tenderest memories that bring tears to the eyes.

What college man in America has not laughed and cried over "Our Boys," written by Holmes for his thirtieth class re-union? If there is one, I pity him.

"Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat, and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night.

At the fortieth re-union of his class he writes:

"Here's the old cruiser 'Twenty-nine.'
Forty times she's crossed the line;
Same old masts and sails and crew,
Tight and tough and good as new."

How many were on board when the cruise began forty years before?

"Crew of a hundred all aboard,
Every man as big as a lord.
Gay they look and proud they feel,
Bowling along on even keel."

How many of the crew are left, now that forty years are passed? Only

"Thirty men, from twenty towns,
Sires and grandsires, with silvered crowns!"

Yet, once together, they are boys again.

"Thirty school-boys all in a row,
Bens and Georges, and Bill and Joe!

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
Today, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and LL. D.

In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill."

Here is the beginning of another class poem,
in a soberer vein:

"Yes, the vacant chairs tell sadly, we are going,
And the thought comes strangely o'er me, Who ^{going fast,}
Will live to be the last?
When the twentieth century's sunbeams climb the
far-off eastern hill,
With his ninety-winters burdened will he greet
the morning still?"

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After graduating from college, young Holmes studied law a year; but did not like it. He liked writing witty poems far better: and in this he had already won some success. To one profession, however, he felt himself drawn. That

was medicine. Accordingly to medicine he turned his attention, studying in this country two years and a half, and in Europe three years. His medical studies completed—at the age of twenty-nine he was chosen Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in one of the smaller colleges of the country and nine years later in Harvard, where he remained, doing steady, laborious, efficient, and in many respects, brilliant work, for thirty-five years. When he began his work at the Harvard Medical School, that school was small, and he was obliged to make his lectures cover a wide range. Speaking of it later, he said that he occupied at that time, not a *chair* in the Faculty, but a *settee*. But he stood by the school and laboured on, until he saw it one of the strongest in the world.

It is hard for us to think of Holmes as a doctor of medicine, or as a scientist. Yet a large part of his life was given faithfully to his chosen profession, and he attained a rank in it excelled by only a few.

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It was not until he was forty-eight years of age, that he wrote anything that gave him any considerable fame in the literary world; although he had published several small volumes of verse before that time, and much prose.

When the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, in the year 1857, Lowell, its editor, who knew Holmes' brilliant gifts as a writer, asked him to become a

contributor. Holmes complied, and began the series of papers called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," later published in book-form. From the first the papers were immensely popular, and their author literally leaped to fame at a single bound. From that day on, there was no more popular prose writer in America than Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was followed three years later by a similar series of papers entitled "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," and ten years later still, in 1870, by a third series called "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." All these papers carry out one and the same general idea, which is, the reporting of a series of imaginary conversations, on a very large number and variety of subjects of popular interest, by a company of persons representing various orders of minds, degrees of culture and positions in society. The result as wrought out by Dr. Holmes is a series of books at once wise and witty, fascinating in their interest, brilliant in their literary style, and appealing to a very wide reading public.

The Autocrat is as authoritative as Dr. Samuel Johnson, as full of rollicking humour as Father Prout, as sweet as Goldsmith, as dainty as Leigh Hunt, as tender as Washington Irving, as brilliant as Sheridan. At last we have American humour that is not raw and in chunks, not coarse, not made up largely of bad grammar and bad spelling. It is difficult to imagine a

as "The One Hoss Shay," "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," "The Spectre Pig" and "A Farewell to Agassiz."

Dr. Holmes was pre-eminently a poet of *society*. He loved to be with men. It was men that interested him. He could describe society, and understand society, and praise and satirize society with a keenness that was inimitable.

He was especially gifted as a writer of *occasional* poems. Indeed, here he has no American rival except Lowell. He was born for a poet laureate. For saying in happy and sparkling verse exactly the thing that everybody wanted said but that nobody else knew how to say, on all sorts of notable occasions, he had a readiness and a facility that amounted to rare genius. Thus he was called upon to write poems upon almost every occasion of importance connected with the history of Harvard College, of Boston, and, we might add, of the nation, for fifty years. Indeed, his poems might almost be read as a text-book in American history. Only, they lack one quality of a usual text-book, they are not dull. They would interest, and awaken the enthusiasm of students in a way which I fear might alarm teachers.

Many of these occasional poems, or poems of history, can hardly fail to live, they catch so admirably the spirit of the time. Men in future ages, who want to know not only what was done in the United States during the nineteenth century, but in what spirit it was done and with what aims

and ideals, will go to poets Whittier and Lowell and Holmes quite as much as to any historians.

Nor do such other of his serious poems, as "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Voiceless," "My Aviary," and "The Silent Melody" seem less certain of immortality.

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In still a third direction Dr. Holmes won literary fame. It was as a novelist—through his three works of fiction. Of these, "Elsie Venner" is the best known and perhaps the ablest. All three are novels with a purpose. All of course contain much good writing; they could not fail to do this and come from the pen of Holmes. But they lack those elements of dramatic power which are found in the novels of Hawthorne. Holmes' genius is epigrammatic, descriptive, perhaps lyric, not dramatic.

Even with fiction his busy pen did not rest. To his essays, his poetry, and his novels he added two biographies, one of John Lathrop Motley, the historian, and one of Emerson; and, last of all, a book of travel, giving a most delightful account of a visit which in his old age and in the ripeness of his fame he made to England, where he was received as a king—the king that he truly was in the mighty realm of letters.

During that visit in London, he met nearly every man and woman of distinction in the country. The Court, Science and Literature all received him with open arms. He had not been in England

for half a century. When he made his first visit there, he was an obscure young man, studying medicine, and known to scarcely half a dozen persons. He returned in 1886, a man of world-wide fame, and every hand was stretched out to do him honour.

Lord Houghton, the famous breakfast giver, had met him in Boston years before, and had begged him again and again to come to London. When Holmes arrived in England, Lord Houghton was in his grave; so was Dean Stanley, whose sweetness of disposition had so charmed him (Holmes) when the two formed each other's acquaintance in America. Ruskin he greatly wanted to meet, but failed because the distinguished writer on art and planner for human betterment was ill. At a dinner, however, at Canon Farrar's, he spent some time with Sir John Millais, the eminent painter, and Professor Tyndall, the scientist. Of course, he saw Gladstone, Tennyson, Browning, Chief Justice Coleridge, Professor James Bryce, Lord Wolseley, the Duke of Argyle and many others of England's greatest. The universities laid their highest honours at his feet. Edinburgh gave him the degree of LL. D., Cambridge that of Doctor of Letters and Oxford that of D. C. L.

After his return home from England, he had a little time of waiting—waiting filled with literary work: then came the end. And a perfect end it was,—serene and ripe! his work done! and the toiler ready to take his well-earned rest!

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All the world knows of Oliver Wendell Holmes as a wit and humorist. But it is a shallow judgment that thinks of him as nothing more. Below his playful humour and his brilliant wit there was a very earnest man, endeavouring to do a very serious work in the world. He wrote to please and to delight. But through all his books runs a high and earnest purpose. He would have men laugh, because to laugh is human and good. But he saw in humanity more than a company of grinning apes. He recognized the great object and end of life to be, not mirth or pleasure, or even knowledge, but duty, love, service and the building up of human character. With all the rest he was sincerely and earnestly religious. Here we have what was central in him.

He lived a life of conscientious and even severe toil—for more than a third of a century filling his chair of instruction in a great institution of learning, and keeping fully abreast of his profession, while at the same time doing an amount of literary work that amazes us. His life was one of spotless integrity and honour. He was a merciless exposé of shams and hypocrisy, and a fearless defender of reality and truth. He loved his *alma mater*, his native city, his native state, his native land, and his religion with all his heart.

I regret to say, he did not form one of that heroic group of anti-slavery reformers that made New England glorious. He had a strain of the

aristocrat in his blood, that made him shrink from the anti-slavery agitation, and drew him into too much sympathy with the proud slave-owners of the South. But this lasted only until the war began. Patriotism throbbed in every drop of his blood. This is proved by the fact that he gave his twenty-years old boy to his country, to bring back three wounds from southern battlefields. This was the boy who after the war became the distinguished and honoured member of the United States Supreme Court.

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As already indicated, Dr. Holmes was all his life a deeply religious man. In leaving the Calvinism of his early life he did not leave religion. He left the old that he might find for himself a more reasonable and a more worthy new. This new religion he loved and lived. Of it all his books are full. Often it does not label itself. Often it does not seem even to think of itself as being religion at all, but simply conscientiousness, truthfulness, honesty in business, patience, kindness, helpfulness to those in need, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, ministering to the sick, being faithful in all the duties of daily life, and calmly and without fear trusting God for all that is beyond our strength and sight.

But Dr. Holmes had sufficient depth of spiritual insight, and was close enough in touch with Jesus, to understand that, named or unnamed, these things—duty, integrity, love and trust—are

religion and the only religion that can stand the test of a thinking age, that can bring heaven on earth, or that can be leaned upon with the certainty that they will not fail men in life or in death.

Dr. Holmes believed in a religion that is reasonable, practical, forward-looking, in harmony with the best thought and intelligence of the world. And he made both his prose and his verse the constant vehicle for his advanced religious ideas. Wherever he saw an irrational doctrine taught in the name of religion, he did not hesitate to label it irrational. Wherever he came in contact with ideas about God or God's dealings with men that seemed to him inhuman, he did not fear to call them inhuman, in plain words. Wherever he found bubbles of religious superstition, he was quick to thrust into them the lance of his keen wit and satire. There is hardly one of his books, in prose or poetry, in which he does not show his hate of theological narrowness and dogmatism, and his love of religious breadth, freedom and light. When a divinity student reproaches him with not having a creed, he replies, "I have a creed—none better and none shorter; it is told in two words—the first two of the Pater-Noster."

The Autocrat hears men talk about "getting religion." Yes, he says, but let it be real religion and not a mere make-believe. Let it be a religion which shall improve men's lives. I will believe that men have "got religion," when

"Berries.—whortle—rasp—and straw.
Grow bigger *downwards* through the box."

He cares little for ecclesiastical forms and ceremonies. He says: "I am no church-man; I don't believe in planting oaks in flower-pots." He gives his impression of much of the ritualism of the time, when he writes, of "high church curates, trained to snap at the last word of the response, so that you couldn't wedge in the tail of a comma between the end of the congregation's last syllable and the beginning of the next petition. They do it well, but it always spoils my devotion. To save my life, I can't help watching them, as I watch to see a duck dive at the flash of a gun, and that is not what I go to church for."

On the subject of Bible infallibility he says:

"There is nothing so dangerous to intellectual virility as to have an 'infallible book' to fall back upon. There is no sacred hook in the world which has not crippled human souls."

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Dr. Holmes was a scientist, and as such he accepted heartily all contributions to knowledge which science is able to make: nor did he fear the effects of these upon religion. Whatever in religion is true, he knew no truth of science can disturb. Whatever in religion is not true, he wanted removed; that we may have a religion of truth alone. At a great National Unitarian Convention in 1883, he said:

"I think we might fairly claim that our faith (the faith of Unitarians) has gone out to meet science half way."

His scientific pursuits and his faith in science did not make him a materialist. In the very lecture in which he demonstrates the dependence of the soul upon physical conditions so long as it

remains in this world, he affirms most decisively that "we do not find Hamlet and Faust, right and wrong, the valour of men and the purity of women, by testing for albumen, or by examining fibres in microscopes." Not until we can "send a statesman his integrity in a package to Washington, if he happens to have left it behind," will he believe that integrity is only the resultant of the arrangement of "moleclues" or "atoms" in "the brain." All his scientific study drives him to the conviction that spirit, and not matter, is the primal, central and eternal reality—and the causal force in all organic life. Everywhere he finds God; and this because he finds Power and Wisdom and Moral Order everywhere. For what are these but God? Thus he sees God alike in atoms and worlds; in the infinitely small and the infinitely great. To him gravity, "that unsleeping, everywhere-present force, the same yesterday, today, and forever," is nothing less than "the great outspread hand of God himself."

Dr. Holmes could not believe that the Power that made this world is malign, or that he cherishes evil designs toward any of his creatures. Nor yet could he believe that that Power is weak, and is thus liable to be defeated in his ends of ultimate good. He saw the dark side of things as clearly as any man,—the pain, the suffering, the sorrow that everywhere confront human beings in this world. But he saw them in the light of their larger relations and their compensations. "The forces of nature bruise and wound our bodies,"

he writes, "but an artery no sooner bleeds than the divine hand is placed upon it to stay the flow. A wound is no sooner made than the healing process is set on foot. Pain reaches a certain point and insensibility comes on,—for fainting is the natural anodyne of incurable griefs, as death is the remedy of those which are intolerable. . . . I see no corner of the universe which God has deserted."

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No poet or writer has ever taught a manlier faith than Holmes. That religion which cringes and crawls he will have nothing to do with. To him the voice of the old scripture sounds: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet." With fine spirit he writes:

"My life shall be a challenge, not a truce!
This is my language to the mightier powers.
To ask my boldest questions undismayed."

Under the title of "Manhood," he writes these virile and manly lines:

"I claim the right of knowing whom I serve,
Else is my service idle: He that asks
My homage, asks it from a reasoning soul.
To crawl is not to worship; we have learned
A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,
Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we ape
The flexures of the many-jointed worm.
The past has taught her salaams
To the world's *children*—we have *grown to men*!
We who have rolled the sphere beneath our feet
To find a virgin forest, as we lay
The beams of our rude temple, first of all
Must frame its doorway high enough for man
To pass unstooping: knowing as we do
That He who shaped us last of living forms
Has long enough been served by creeping things—
Reptiles that left their footprints in the sand

Of old sea-margins that have turned to stone,
 And men who learned their ritual; we demand
 To know Him first, then trust Him, and then love
 When we have found Him worthy of our love,
 Tried by our own poor hearts, and not before;
 He must be truer than the truest friend,
 He must be tenderer than a woman's love,
 A father better than the best of sires;
 Kinder than she who bore us, though we sin
 Oftener than did the brother we are told
 We—poor, ill-tempered mortals—must forgive,
 Though seven times sinning threescore times and ten.
 This is the new world's gospel: BE YE MEN!"

Few writers or public teachers have been more unsparing than Dr. Holmes in condemnation of the old dogmas that enslave men's minds and degrade the character of God. Here is what he says in one of his last articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, about the doctrine of eternal punishment:

"How shall we characterize the doctrine of endless torture as the destiny of most of those who have lived, and are living, on this planet? I prefer to let another writer speak of it. Mr. John Morley uses the following words: 'The horrors of what is perhaps the most frightful idea that has ever corroded human character,—the idea of eternal punishment!' Sismondi, the great historian, heard a sermon on eternal punishment, and vowed never to enter another church holding the same creed. When the poet Cowper said satirically of the minister he was attacking,

'He never mentioned hell to ears polite,'
 he was giving unconscious evidence that the sense of the barbarism of the idea was finding its way into the pulpit. When Burns, in the midst of the sulphurous orthodoxy of Scotland, dared to say,

'The fear o'hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order,'
 he was only appealing to the common sense and common humanity of his fellow countrymen.

"All the reasoning in the world, all the prooftexts in old manuscripts, cannot reconcile this supposition of a world of sleep and endless torment with the declaration that 'God is love.'"

In one of his poems, Dr. Holmes shows how impossible it is that there can be a heaven at all, for any human soul, so long as a hell of hopeless torment exists for its loved ones.

“What if a soul redeemed, a spirit that loved
While yet on earth, and was beloved in turn,
And still remembered every look and tone
Of that dear earthly sister who was left
Among the unwise virgins at the gate,
Itself admitted with the bridegroom train,—
What if this spirit redeemed, amid the host
Of chanting angels, in some transient lull
Of the eternal anthem, heard the cry
Of its lost darling
Left an outcast in the world of fire,—
Would it not long to leave the bliss of heaven—
Bearing a little water in its hand
To moisten those poor lips that plead in vain
With what we call our Father?”

Could heaven be heaven for any heart not made of stone, while dear ones writhe in hopeless, endless agony?

Thank God! that horrible doctrine, that black slander upon the character of the Creator, that unspeakable stain upon modern Christianity, is at last beginning to shrink out of sight and hide itself in dark corners, as a hideous creature of the night. At last we are beginning to see that to admit such a doctrine dethrones God, and turns all heaven into hell. To whom is Christianity indebted for daring to confront and smite that ugly vampire of the past, and for bringing about the blessed change in men's thought that is appearing? The Christian world is indebted to many good and brave souls—to John Murray and Hosea Ballou of the Universalist Church, to

William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, James Martineau of the Unitarian Church, to Frederick Farrar of the Church of England, to John G. Whittier of the Friends or Quakers, and many, many others; but occupying a conspicuous and honoured place in the list must forever stand the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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Having described Dr. Holmes' creed as the Fatherhood of God, it is hardly necessary to add that his religion was an eminently cheerful one. How could it be otherwise, based upon so great and noble a faith? One of his heaviest charges against the Calvinism in which he had been reared, was the fact that it was a religion of gloom and despair. He said, if God is worthy of our worship at all, if he is in any sense our Father, then he must be pleased to see his children happy in this world, and he must have planned their ultimate happiness in the world to come. Why then should we not make our religion joyful, and in harmony with everything that is bright and beautiful, as well as everything that is good?

But let us not suppose that because his religion was cheerful, it had in it any place for lazy ease or indifference. It was a religion of lofty ideals, of growth, of strenuous striving for the best. He believed with Lowell:

"They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

His motto was that of Paul: "Not as though

I had already attained: but I press forward." I cannot but think that the very finest poem of all that we have from the pen of Dr. Holmes, is "The Chambered Nautilus"—a poem written expressly to teach this lesson. It is exquisitely beautiful as a piece of literary art. But it is just as beautiful in its religious meaning. I must not take space to cite the whole; but I could not forgive myself if I did not quote at least the last three verses.

"Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings
Through the deep caves of thought I hear
A voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

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My portrayal of Dr. Holmes would be far from complete if I failed to call attention to him as a Hymn-writer. His hymns are not numerous, but their quality is superior. One he calls a

Hymn of Trust. It is very tender. I will quote only its first verse:

“O Love Divine, that stoops to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.”

One of his hymns I must quote entire, it is so fine, nay, so great. Whether judged by its literary art or by its spiritual power, I know not where in the whole range of hymnology to look for its superior.

“Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory shines from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!”

What a lyric of insight, beauty, fire! Did Milton ever pen more splendid lines?

A single other poem, in hymn form, I must quote and then I shall have done. It is found in very few editions of Dr. Holmes' works,—indeed,

in none printed before his death. It has a special interest because it was the last poetical composition that he ever read in public. Though penned when he had reached the advanced age of eighty-three, and felt himself to be that "last leaf" clinging upon "the old forsaken bough" of which he had written so pathetically, there is no weakness in the thought or expression. Rather is the poem remarkably vigorous and characteristic, and in every way worthy to be his spiritual "swan song."

"Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let thy hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see;
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to heaven and thee.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy Love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our faith and zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do."

Here, then, we take leave of this brilliant writer, (and shall we not say, this great preacher?). By his literary art and genius he has delighted, amused, and instructed the English-speaking world. But better still, by his ethical elevation and his noble religious spirit, he has done much to broaden, sweeten and deepen its whole intellectual, moral and spiritual life.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

I have said elsewhere that if our American Quaker poet, Whittier, were in India today, he would love and be loved by Gandhi and Tagore and Charles Andrews and all India, and that he would be deeply sympathetic with India's struggle to win her justly deserved freedom, and to do it by love and self-sacrifice and not by shedding British blood. I am sure exactly the same may be said of Channing.

Channing has been described as the American Luther. If this description is true, as in a sense it is, it should be added that he was the Luther of a religious Reformation far more radical and fundamental, far more ethical and spiritual, and in its very nature destined to spread far more widely over the world, than that led by the German Luther.

I think Channing may be better described as America's Ram Mohun Roy. The same wide intellectual outlook, the same hatred of oppression, the same love of freedom, religious and political, the same passion for progress, for reform, for the betterment of human conditions, the same deep piety and sympathy with all true religion under whatever name, that were conspicuous in the great Indian reformer, were equally conspicuous in the great American. And as the movement for the spiritual rebirth of India and of India's religion, which was begun by Ram Mohun Roy, was one that steadily grows and widens and gives

promise of ever richer fruitage in the future, so the movement for the spiritual regeneration of America and of Christianity in which Channing was so important a leader, is one which reveals no sign of abatement, but promises a growth and development which, even if to our childish impatience it seems slow, may well give hope and courage to every believer in God and lover of humanity in America and the world.

The story of William Ellery Channing is one of the most charming in American biography; only one must look down below the rather plain surface into its radiant heart. It does not have in it much of outward adventure or excitement, but it does tell of an inward life of fascinating activity and energy, of an extraordinarily wide range of interests, of rare simplicity and sincerity, of fresh and bold thinking, of constantly new and daring excursions in search of truth, of deep piety, of keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, of unfailing love of humanity, of bodily weakness and suffering triumphed over by power of will, of joy, of constant growth, of soul-youth becoming more marked with the advance of years, of singular spiritual beauty, of the most heroic loyalty to duty and of the highest moral ideals.

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Channing was born in 1780, the mid-point of the Revolutionary War, and died in 1842. His birth-place was Newport, Rhode Island, the beautiful city by the sea, at that time commercially

the rival of New York. He was educated at Harvard College, and spent his mature life as a preacher in Boston.

There were two shadows on Channing's boyhood. One came from the dark and stern Calvinistic theology under the influence of which he was reared. The other was occasioned by the death of his father, when the son was thirteen, leaving the mother and her large family with so little means that they were compelled to experience the hardships of self-denial and poverty.

Never did a young man enter the ministry with purer motives or with a more beautiful and entire consecration. Many of his friends had desired him to choose the profession of the law—his father's calling. But no! Nothing seemed to him half so important as religion. To teach truth, to labour to dissipate ignorance and superstition, to comfort human sorrow, to succour the weak and the tempted, to help dry up the great dark river of sin and suffering that flows through the earth—no other possible work seemed to him comparable in nobleness or worth with this.

His preaching at once attracted attention by its fervour, seriousness and beauty. Almost immediately calls were extended him by two different churches in Boston—the Brattle Street, a strong and wealthy society, and the Federal Street, a society comparatively poor and weak. With his characteristic modesty, he chose the smaller and poorer church; and at once entered that pulpit which was to be his throne of loving,

beneficent power all his life, and which through him was to become known over the earth.

Channing's public life may be divided into three periods: the first of thirteen years, from 1802 to 1815, in which he was a quiet pastor and preacher, his time and strength devoted almost wholly to his own church; the second period of about fifteen years, from 1815 to 1830, in which he was the acknowledged leader of that religious movement which resulted in the establishment of Unitarianism in America; and the third period of twelve years, from 1830 to his death in 1842, in which his energies were largely devoted to great philanthropic movements and subjects of social and political reform, such as anti-slavery, peace, temperance, education, beneficences among the poor, and the like, which made him as widely known as a philanthropist and social reformer as he had become known as a preacher and religious teacher. Let us look briefly at each of these.

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As a preacher Channing had few or no natural advantages but certain considerable disadvantages. For one thing, he was small of stature, weighing not more than about a hundred pounds. Persons meeting him for the first time on the street or at his own home, in the days after he became famous, would often involuntarily exclaim, "What! is this the great Dr. Channing?" And yet all witnesses agree that when he arose in the pulpit such was his

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dignity and the power of his great, calm eyes, and the sweet solemnity of his whole bearing, that he seemed to every one far larger than he was, and persons meeting him for the first time after listening to a discourse from him were very commonly surprised to find, even although he had been before their eyes for an hour, that he was not physically a large man.

Emerson declares that Channing was one of the three most eloquent speakers he ever heard.

There seems to have been something impressive about everything that Channing did and said in the pulpit. Hymns which as other men read them were commonplace, as they fell from his lips were full of strange power. His prayers were not like other men's prayers; they were audible communings of the human with the divine spirit. He seemed in prayer as one consciously in the presence of and beholding the Invisible. As he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered. A solemn hush and a deep awe fell upon the congregation, and it seemed as if every word that fell from those pale, earnest, trembling lips brought with it a blessing from heaven.

Wherein lay Channing's power over others? What made his words so weighty? It was the man. His speech was great because he was great, and because every word came calmly yet with the white heat of a mighty sincerity straight out of his great soul.

At the end of thirteen years of devoted work,

given almost exclusively to his own society, in which his church grew strong, and a new house of worship was built to accommodate the growing congregation, an unlooked-for change came into the quiet preacher's life. This brings us to the second period of Channing's life, which may in a sense be called the controversial period.

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It should be clearly understood that Channing began his ministry as pastor of a supposedly orthodox church, he himself being supposedly orthodox. The change of both pastor and people from orthodoxy to Unitarianism was gradual and almost imperceptible. No one had planned to bring it about; it was the result partly of the naturally independent and progressive character of his own mind, and partly of widespread liberalizing influences which were active in New England at that time and which affected not only Channing and his church but many other ministers and their churches.

Channing's revolt against orthodoxy, indeed, the whole liberal or Unitarian revolt against orthodoxy, was not primarily a protest against the doctrine of the trinity, as has been widely supposed. To be sure, to most minds it involved the trinity; but this was secondary. The reason why it was secondary is plain. The question of the trinity is speculative; it is a question of the intellect, it is not moral. The doctrine of the trinity was rejected by Channing and others on

intellectual grounds, on the grounds that it is unreasonable, self-contradictory and unscriptural; but the central, the fundamental protest of Channing and those who with him led the liberal or Unitarian movement, was deeper than intellectual; it was ethical. It was the solemn revolt of what was deepest and holiest in the moral nature of man against the conception of an immoral God, against a God who could do so unspeakably unjust, so morally monstrous a thing as to create a human race of sentient beings, and of his own will elect one part to be happy for ever, and another part, with no fault of their own, and with nothing that they could do to prevent it, to writhe in endless torment.

The first phase of this revolt against Calvinism took the form of what was known as Arminianism. It asserted the freedom of the human will. It denied election and predestination on the part of God, and moral helplessness on the part of man; and proclaimed as its gospel: "Whosoever will, may be saved."

This was a good beginning; but when men had begun to think with independence and to apply rational and moral tests to religion, there could be no stop with Arminianism, or the mere overthrow of the doctrine of election and foreordination; there could be no pause or going back until the whole unreasonable and morally outrageous theological system of Calvinistic orthodoxy had been overthrown,—with its assertion of a mythical Adam and a mythical fall

of the race as the result of a mythical sin in a mythical garden; and mankind "totally depraved," "wholly corrupt in body and soul," "made opposite to all good and wholly inclined to all evil;" and a hell of eternal torment for the whole race as a punishment for Adam's sin unless a ransom could be found; and the necessity for God to come to earth in the form of a man and be crucified as an infinite sacrifice in order to effect such a ransom; and then, as the result of it all, the salvation of such a part of the race as God from all eternity had elected to be saved, and the damnation of all the rest:—I say, when men had begun really to bring religious doctrines for judgment before the bar of reason and conscience, it could be only a question of time when such a system of theology, born in a dark and cruel past, founded so wholly on fiction, so dishonouring to God, and so deeply violating every rational and moral instinct of the human soul, should be wholly discredited and give place to something better.

This was what happened. Calvinism gave way, little by little, to liberal Christianity,—passing by stages not only through Arminianism, but in many minds also through Arianism and Socinianism—forms of semi-Unitarianism—to full Unitarianism at last.

From 1815 to 1830 the fire of controversy between the old and the new blazed high all over New England. Channing did not love controversy; yet his heart was warmly with the new

thought; and the new thought was not understood. Of course, its enemies could not be trusted to set it forth in a way acceptable to its adherents. Its friends must come forward to its defence, and let the world know just what it was they stood for. Thus plainly summoned by duty, Channing did not hesitate, but gave to the world what is known as his great Baltimore sermon, defining Unitarianism.

The sermon probably made a greater sensation than any other discourse ever preached in America before or since. From that time on there was no mistaking what the new movement was.

Channing followed his Baltimore sermon at intervals by several others almost equally powerful as defences of the new faith—notably his discourse at the dedication of the Second Unitarian Church of New York City in 1826, on “Unitarian Christianity Most Favorable to Piety.”

Thus, although Channing appears for fifteen years of his mid-life as the confessed leader in a great theological controversy, yet he is scarcely less admirable in it all than he has been in the quiet work of his own pulpit and parish before the controversy began,—and this because he carries through all the conflict a spirit so frank, so sincere, so high above all mere petty party feeling, so appreciative of truth and goodness wherever seen, whether among friends or enemies. Theological controversies conducted in the spirit which Channing manifested would not desolate

the earth, dry up the streams of religious life, and turn fruitful plains into deserts, as such controversies have so often done. Carried on as he carried them on, they would help men to a better understanding of each other, and bring the truth into clearer light for all who care to see.

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We come now to the third period of Channing's life—that extending from 1830, when his work as a controversialist and as an active minister virtually ends, to his death in 1842. During this period it is true he still continues the loved and honoured pastor of the Federal Street Church in Boston, and the leader of the new Unitarian movement in America; but he appears now also on a still broader field of activity and influence, *viz.*, that of preacher by tongue, but especially by pen, to the whole nation on those great subjects of social and political reform and philanthropy, which had grown more and more dear to his heart as the years had gone on.

When we turn to Channing as a philanthropist and social reformer, we see at once that his most important labour was in the direction of anti-slavery. The work he did in the cause of freedom for the slave was very different from that of Garrison, or Phillips, or most of the recognized anti-slavery leaders. It was a quiet work; a work done almost entirely through his pen. But it is the judgment of men wiser than I that it was second in importance to no work accomplished in

all the trying years that led up to the final emancipation by President Lincoln.

Channing had a singularly powerful hold upon the thoughtful minds of America, both North and South; and probably no one in this country ever wrote on the slavery question whose words were read so candidly and weighed so seriously by both the friends and the foes of slavery as were his.

Channing's philanthropy reached out in many directions besides that of freedom for the slave. One of the best charities ever inaugurated in this country was the Ministry to the Poor, in Boston. Channing was largely instrumental in establishing that, and carrying it forward to success. No man of his day was more deeply interested in the labouring classes than he.

Questions of education came in also for a large share of his attention. He laboured earnestly for prison reform, and for abolition of capital punishment. The cause of temperance deeply interested him, although in his day the modern temperance reform as we see it now had not come into existence. His writings and addresses against war were powerful and widely influential. Few men in American history have done so much to promote the cause of peace as Channing. He interested himself in the subject of poor-houses; female employment societies; bake-houses for the poor; associations for the relief of the aged, the sick and debtors; societies for assisting emigrants; for the reformation of prostitutes; associations

for mutual improvement among mechanics, and many other kindred philanthropies.

As he grew older, he became more and more deeply interested in these things. Increasingly he came to look upon Christianity as finding its truest expression in works of practical beneficence; and more and more he distrusted any so-called Christianity that did not aim above everything else to do practical good among men.

Thus with his sympathies for his fellow men constantly widening and his interest in every wise beneficence constantly deepening, he approached the end of his earthly career. He died at the age of 62, in the midst of his usefulness. In spirit he grew younger instead of older. A year or two before his death a friend asked him what time of life he had found the happiest. "About the age of 60," he replied, with a smile. He was just sixty at the time. Never was his mind so full of plans of usefulness as the last year of his life.

He died amidst the mountains of Vermont, whither he had gone in search of that health which he was not to find in this world. His last words were: "I have received many messages from the Spirit."

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Channing was a great religious reformer—one of the greatest of the modern world. He was also a great social reformer. He was the second because he was the first.

As a religious reformer he aimed at two things.

The first was to purify Christianity from the corruptions which he believed had found their way into it since the days of Christ and His Apostles, to bring it back to the simplicity, the spirituality, the high ethical quality and the social vitality of the teachings of the New Testament. He found the essence, the soul of the religion of Jesus in his two Great Commands of Love to God and Man, his rule for social conduct which we call Golden, his injunction "Love your enemies," his thought of God's Fatherhood and Man's Brotherhood. In these profound theistic, ethical and social teachings Channing saw implied, wrapped up, of necessity, the most far-reaching and vital possible ethical and social reforms.

Channing's second aim as a religious reformer was to introduce reason into religion, and make it a thing not stationary, not always looking to the past for its inspiration and its ideals, but a thing progressive, living, pressing forward, welcoming new light, the friend of science and all modern knowledge.

This order was logical; the broad, noble principles and doctrines of his earlier ministry led naturally and necessarily to the philanthropies and social reforms of his later ministry. To believe truly, really, deeply, in love to men as well as love to God, in love even to enemies, in doing to all men as we would have them do to us,

in our relation to all men as brothers—children of a common father—this of necessity means to be on fire with enthusiasm for human welfare, for social uplift, for the salvation of the world from everything that hurts, degrades and destroys, for the bringing in of the reign of love, righteousness and peace—which is the Kingdom of God—upon the earth.

Channing's theology may be described in another way. It may be summed up in three great doctrines, or ideas.

First, the rectitude of the character of God;

Second, the worth of man; and,

Third, soul-liberty, or the sacredness of reason.

His idea of the rectitude of the character of God necessarily banished out of existence all such doctrines as an eternal hell of torments, and an arbitrary election of one part of the race to be saved and another to be damned; because these doctrines are inconsistent with any rectitude of character in God. God could not be a just being, not to say a merciful, if these doctrines were true.

His second idea, of the worth of man, or the dignity of human nature, swept away the old doctrine of total depravity and laid a firm foundation for beneficences, and all works of practical reform, mercy, and charity among men. For if every human being, even the lowest, is of so much worth, and has such divine possibilities slumbering within him, how great, how necessary,

how inspiring, how morally compelling, becomes the work of instructing the ignorant, reforming the erring, lending a hand to the weak and the tempted, succouring the unfortunate, doing anything and everything in one's power to lift men up, to help them to realize the high, the divine possibilities of their nature.

His third doctrine, of the sacredness of reason and of soul-liberty, put him in sympathy with all truth and all progress and made him the lifelong foe of all slaveries whether of body or soul.

There have been three very great forward movements in Christianity during modern times.

One was the sixteenth century revolt against Rome, known as the Protestant Reformation, of which the most important leaders were Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli,—a movement which broke the tyrannical power of the Roman Catholic Church over Christendom, and thus made religious advance possible.

The second was the rise of Methodism, under the leadership of John and Charles Wesley, which carried Christianity to the common people as it had not been carried before.

The third was the liberal Christian movement, which aimed at the full emancipation of the human soul, and therefore at making Christianity rational, ethical, spiritual, social, and practical.

The precise relation of America and of Channing to the general liberal movement is, that in America the movement has had a particularly

large and free development—indeed, quite the largest and freest that it has reached anywhere in the world; and in that development Channing holds the most conspicuous, influential and honoured place.

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Although Channing was an American, his influence has by no means been confined to America. On the contrary, his writings have gone into nearly or quite all civilized lands, and gone by reason of their recognized worth, their sympathy with freedom, their daring, their spiritual beauty and charm, their breadth of religious vision, their morally uplifting power.

As indicating how early his thought attracted wide public attention in England, I may state that some years before his death a collection of his sermons and essays was published in London. Both Scotland and Ireland followed with separate editions of their own. Later, at the centennial of his birth (in 1880), a notable shilling edition of nearly his complete works, in one volume, was published in England. To avoid risk in his undertaking, the publisher invited subscriptions beforehand from all persons interested, promising to go forward and issue the proposed cheap edition, if 10,000 copies were subscribed for. Many said he had set his number unreasonably high; there was no preacher anywhere in the world whose sermons could be sold to the number of 10,000, thirty or forty years

after his death. To the surprise of everybody, not only was the required number subscribed for, but the subscriptions almost immediately ran up to 20,000; and if reports circulated at the time are to be credited, nearly 100,000 were finally sold.

Channing's thought attracted particular attention in France, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Italy and Hungary. There is also evidence that his writings early had a wide reading among the educated classes in Russia. The unanimity with which the greatest minds of all lands, sects, parties, and religions have bowed in loving honour to Channing's name, is one of the notable phenomena of the religious world in the past one hundred years.

All four of our most eminent American poets, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell, besides not a few others of less note, have embalmed his name in their verse.

Nor are the tributes to his greatness that have come from beyond the sea less emphatic. Channing visited England, and went to see Wordsworth. Years afterward the poet would point with emotion to the chair in which he had sat, and say, "There sat Dr. Channing." Rev. Sydney Smith, the distinguished English wit and divine, wrote to a friend: "I preached a good sermon this morning, as good and great as any of Dr. Channing's. In fact, it was Dr. Channing's."

Dean Stanley, on his last visit to America,

was especially desirous to visit Channing's grave. And in an address delivered after his return to England, on "The Historical Aspect of the American Churches," he speaks of Channing in the warmest terms, declaring his to be "one of the few names of the new world which have acquired not only an American but a European splendour."

That gifted and noble preacher of the Church of England, Frederick W. Robertson, writes in his memoirs:

A religious lady found a volume of Dr. Channing's on my table, a few days ago, and was horror-struck. I told her that if she and I ever got to heaven, we should find Dr. Channing revolving round the central light in an orbit immeasurably nearer than ours, almost invisible to us, and lost in a blaze of glory.

Baron Bunsen, the eminent German scholar and statesman, in his great work, *God in History*, selects from the Protestant Christian Church of the whole world five men who, in his judgment, stand pre-eminent above all the rest. Channing is one of the number.

In France, Ernest Renan wrote a notable essay on Channing. Jules Simon, President of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, said of Channing: "Time cannot weaken the force of his apostolic teachings, which deserve the attention of all nations." Nor is his praise confined to Protestants. The eminent Roman Catholic scholar, M. Lavollée, wrote a book of warm appreciation of Channing, whose literary quality was so high as to cause it to be "crowned" by the Academy.

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I am able to give some testimonies regarding Channing's influence in the Orient which seem worthy of notice.

Channing's works early found their way to India, where they seem to have attracted much attention among eminent religious thinkers and leaders. This was natural and indeed inevitable because of their harmony with the thought of Ram Mohun Roy, Debendranath Tagore, Keshub Chunder Sen, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar and all the leaders of the Brahmo Samaj. I may be mistaken but I am of the opinion that Channing has been more read in India and with higher appreciation than any other American religious writer with the single exception of Emerson.

The Reverend Charles H. A. Dall, who for thirty years was an American Unitarian minister in India, co-operating with the Brahmo Samaj, reported that he put in circulation many hundred copies—indeed, I think not fewer than a thousand copies—of Channing's complete works, besides many copies of his life. In my travels in India, I found many traces of these fruitful volumes, that sowed the seed of a form of Christianity which India welcomes as she welcomes no other. I remember that after an address which I had delivered at the Brahmo Samaj in Madras in Southern India, a man came to me from the audience, introduced himself, and told me he had walked a hundred and sixty miles hoping to get from me a copy of Channing. Years before he

had obtained from Mr. Dall a volume of Channing's works. This he had read and re-read, and loaned and continued to loan, until the book was entirely worn out. And now he was deeply desirous of obtaining another copy. Could I furnish him with one?

In the Khasi Hills, in the north-east of India, there is a group of some eight or ten Unitarian Churches. The first Unitarian seed planted there was from a volume of Channing which had been lent by a Brahmo Samaj teacher, who possessed it and prized it very highly, to Mr. Singh, a Khasi young man who was a surveyor in the employ of the Government. This young Khasi surveyor had been educated in a Calvinist Methodist mission, and was very much esteemed and valued by the missionaries as a leader among their young people. But the hard and dark and, as it seemed to him, unreasonable doctrines of Calvinism, had never satisfied him. Something in his better nature had always revolted against them. When the volume of Channing came into his hands, it seemed to him like a message from heaven. It brought light and joy. Here was a Christianity that commended itself at once to his reason, to his moral nature, to all that was highest and best in him. This is not the time or place to tell the story of the development of that interesting Unitarian movement in the far-away Khasi Hills, from its first beginning to what it is now; but it is inspiring to know that primarily it is the result of seed sown more than half a century after his death

by the great and honoured American Unitarian leader.

Soon after the conversion to Unitarianism of Mr. Singh by the writings of Channing, word came to Dr. Brook Herford (at that time minister of Channing's Church, in Boston) of the attraction to the Unitarian faith of a Mohammedan barrister of some distinction in Central India, named Akbar Masih. It soon developed that this experience also was the result of a volume of Channing put in circulation by Mr. Dall. Dr. Herford maintained a correspondence with Mr. Masih for some years, furnishing him small sums of money for printing and other forms of religious activity. I had the privilege of visiting him in the city of Allahabad, where I found that, while he had made no effort to organize Unitarian Churches, yet, as a result of his preaching, writing, private activity, and circulation of Channing's works, he had brought considerable numbers of Mohammedans in that section of India, some of them men of influence, into knowledge of and warm sympathy with liberal Christian thought. While Trinitarian Christianity had no power whatever to reach Moslems, their minds being absolutely sealed against it, he found that Unitarian Christianity as taught by Channing had in it much to command their attention and win their respect and favour.

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In my own experiences, not only in India, but in Japan, China and Syria, I found much to

confirm the testimony of Mr. Masih. One experience was striking and significant.

On returning from one of my visits to India, I travelled through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and happened to be in Jerusalem at the time when Père Hyacinthe Loyson, the distinguished reformed Roman Catholic preacher of Paris, who for many years drew such crowds of listeners to Notre Dame Cathedral, was making a somewhat extensive visit in Jerusalem and Palestine. Père Hyacinthe, learning that I was in Jerusalem, sent for me for an interview, to tell me of his recent remarkable experiences with the Mohammedans of Morocco, Tripoli, Tunis, Egypt and Syria, and to send by me a message to the Unitarians of America and England. For two years he had been travelling through the cities of all Northern Africa and Syria, and holding "conferences," as he called them, with the leading educated Mohammedans of those cities, with a view to breaking down prejudices and creating closer and more sympathetic relations between Mohammedans and Christians. The thing that had impressed him everywhere, he declared, was that the only form of Christianity that could get any interested and sympathetic hearing among Mohammedans was Unitarianism, or, as he liked to call it, "the religion of Channing." He was amazed to find that Channing was so well known among educated Mohammedans. Not a few of Channing's writings had been translated into Arabic and widely circulated; and everywhere they had attracted great attention

and won favour by their breadth and lofty spirituality. "Channing," he affirmed, "is the one great Christian prophet of the modern world who has a message for Islam,—the one Christian prophet to whom Mohammedans will listen."

"Tell the Unitarians of America and of England," said Père Hyacinthe to me over and over with great earnestness, "to send Channing's gospel to the Moslems. It will receive a warm welcome, and do untold good." Again and again he declared: "My extensive experience shows that the religion of Channing is the one and only form of Christianity to which the Moslem world will open its mind and heart, or which can give it the spiritual quickening which its best minds are reaching out after."

From all these testimonies (and multitudes of others little if any less striking might easily be obtained), it seems to be clear that Channing has taken his permanent place, not simply as a great American, not simply as the leader of an advanced Christian movement, however important, but as something larger,—as a world-prophet, as a world-teacher, as an influence for the spiritual liberation and uplift of humanity, that can neither die nor be confined to any one nation, race, or age.

MISS ALICE STONE BLACKWELL AND MRS. LUCY STONE

I want to tell the readers about two distinguished American women whom I think they would like to know. I refer to Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, one of the leading women of this country today, who, besides her interests and activities in many other directions, has for many years been in warm sympathy with India's struggle for freedom, and by her writings in our periodical press has done more than any other woman and more than any man with the exception of three or four to commend India's case to the American public. The other is Miss Blackwell's distinguished mother, Mrs. Lucy Stone, who is not now living, but who for nearly fifty years, until her death in 1913, was a prominent leader, first, in company with Garrison, Theodore Parker, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, in work for the abolition of American slavery, and later, in company with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Susan B. Anthony and others, was an even more prominent leader in the cause of woman suffrage, woman's education and the gaining of a larger life for women. Let me speak a little further of the mother before coming to the work of her daughter.

Mrs. Lucy Stone was eminent both as a public speaker and as a writer. As a speaker she was one of the most eloquent and effective we have ever had in America; indeed among women speakers, of whom we have possessed many of

ability, it is not too much to say that none has ever surpassed her in charm, in attractiveness or in persuasive power. Many times she travelled over nearly all parts of the country speaking to congregations that crowded the largest halls; in several of the earlier years of her career pleading with amazing effectiveness for the freedom of America's three million negro slaves, and after that, throughout the rest of her life, pleading with even greater eloquence still for the rights of women.

The women of India will be interested to know something of the social and educational hardships and especially the legal disabilities and injustices which were suffered by the women of America at the time when Mrs. Stone and the other early suffrage leaders began their work. And it should be borne in mind that America was not worse in these respects than England and the countries on the continent of Europe. Indeed, in many matters, women's lot here was distinctly better than in most other Western countries. Yet even in America there were serious injustices. At that time women, legally speaking, were still chattels. The law allowed husbands to beat their wives. A married woman's property and earnings belonged legally, not to herself, but to her husband. The husband was the sole legal guardian of their children; if he died before her, he could bequeath them to whom he pleased. A wife could not sue or be sued, and could not make a will or a contract.

Besides these legal disabilities women suffered much because there were almost no opportunities for higher education. The first college in America to admit women was not opened until 1832; and there were no free public high schools for girls. There were no literary, social or philanthropic associations or organizations which women could join except sewing societies in churches. It was thought unwomanly for a woman even to become a member of a temperance society. Women were shut out from all except a few ill-paid occupations: and the learned professions were entirely closed against them. It was thought wholly improper for women to speak in public, or even in religious meetings in churches.

As a child Lucy Stone wanted to go to college, as her elder brother had done, but was refused this desire by her father. Wanting books, she picked berries in the fields and gathered nuts in the woods and sold them for money with which to buy the few which she was able to obtain. It took her nine years, doing housework in neighbours' homes and teaching school, to earn money sufficient to enable her to go to college; and she was twenty-nine years old when she received her degree. When at the close of her college course she announced her determination to devote her life to the task of helping to free the nation's slaves and to win a larger and better life for women, and to do this largely by public speaking, her family and friends and all who knew her

were shocked. But by her intelligence, her patience, her womanly modesty and refinement, her sincerity and earnestness, her charming voice which won all who heard it, and her eloquence, she was able at last largely to overcome this prejudice.

As a writer Mrs. Stone was very prolific and hardly less effective than as a speaker; but her writings did not take the form of books. Very early in her public career she joined with others in establishing a weekly periodical for the advocacy of women's interests, called *The Woman's Journal*, of which she soon became the editor, and continued as such all her life. The paper at first struggled for existence, but by degrees attained a wide circulation and became a great power. After her death, it was edited by her husband and daughter and later by her daughter alone. From the first, it was absolutely indispensable to the woman's cause. For seventy-two years it has been the leading and most important high-class woman's paper in America.

I am glad to say that a very fine life of Mrs. Stone, written by her daughter, has just been published in Boston. It is one of the very valuable American biographies. As I have read its interesting chapters, I have said to myself again and again: "If Lucy Stone were alive today, what an ardent and powerful supporter she, too, as well as her distinguished daughter, would be, of India's just struggle for freedom!"

With such a mother and with a father almost

Lucy Stone & Alice Blackwell

equally eminent as a philanthropist, it is no wonder that the daughter is an ardent friend of India.

Alice Stone Blackwell has had a distinguished career in many directions. As already has been said, she succeeded her mother as editor of *The Woman's Journal*, in which capacity she soon made herself nearly or quite as influential as her mother had been. She opened the pages of the paper, or rather kept them open, not only to woman suffrage, woman's education and everything conducing to the higher and larger life of women, but also to everything bearing on the interests of children, the home and society, and indeed to all worthy social, industrial and moral reforms. No public wrong or social injustice in all these years has escaped her notice and condemnation, and no movement for social uplift or human betterment has failed of her support. She believes that the world can advance, and that better homes, better communities, better governments and better nations can be created only by the intelligent efforts of women as well as men, indeed only by the intelligent and earnest co-operation of women and men.

Miss Blackwell's service to the cause of women has not been confined to *The Woman's Journal*, or even to the products of her ever active pen. For forty years she has been, and still is, one of the most efficient organizers that the women's cause has produced. During long periods she has been President of the

Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association, and of that of New England, and also Secretary of the Woman Suffrage Association of the Nation.

As the cause of woman suffrage advanced and the individual states and the nation began to enact laws to cure the legal injustices which existed against women, Miss Blackwell began to be called upon, and came more and more to be called upon, to address the legislature of her own State, Massachusetts, and Committees of the National Congress in Washington, at "hearings" given to advocates and opponents of these proposed enactments. Her addresses at these "hearings" became famous, so intelligent, fair, just and powerful were they.

Miss Blackwell's sympathies and interests have not been limited to America. At the time of the terrible persecutions and pogroms in Russia under the Czars, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Blackwell's father and mother, and other philanthropic Americans organized an association called "The American Friends of Russian Freedom." In this association Miss Blackwell became very active. In co-operation with Mr. George Kennan who travelled extensively in Russia and among the Russian exiles in Siberia and wrote startling reports of what he had found there, she filled the papers of America with accounts of the horrors perpetrated in those lands, and created here such a wide public sentiment of condemnation and protest that it seemed to have an effect upon the Russian government, causing a mitiga-

tion of the horrors. A little later when Catherine Breshkovsky (called "The Little Mother of the Russian Revolution") came to this country, Miss Blackwell befriended that noble and heroic woman in every possible way, helping her to get great audiences to whom she told her thrilling story and thus was able to raise considerable sums of money in aid of the suffering Russians.

Immediately after the Armenian massacre in 1894, an "American Society of Friends of Armenia" was formed. In this Miss Blackwell took a very active part, assisting Armenian refugees to come to America and finding work for them here.

She has been an earnest friend of the Jews, using her pen vigorously in condemnation of the persecutions which they have suffered in various lands. She has been a no less earnest friend of the Negroes of this country since their emancipation from slavery.

Miss Blackwell has done much literary work outside of her writing for *The Woman's Journal* and ther periodicals and the large number of woman suffrage and other leaflets and tracts that have come from her pen. I have already mentioned her excellent life of her mother. She has also written a life of Catherine Breshkovsky, which has attracted wide attention and reached a large sale. Her sympathy with suffering peoples has caused her to make and publish important translations from their literatures. Among these are "Songs of Russia," "Songs of Grief and

Gladness," from the Hebrew and Yiddish, "Armenian Poems," and "Poems of Petofi," the Hungarian national poet of freedom. She has also made extensive translations from the Spanish and published a volume entitled "Some Spanish American Poets."

I have already told of Miss Blackwell's deep interest in, and active support of, India's great struggle for freedom. Ten years ago she wrote for *The Christian Register*, of Boston, a long and carefully prepared article entitled "British Rule in Disturbed India," which was one of the most illuminating presentations ever published in this country of the actual condition of the Indian people under that rule, and of their right to freedom and a place among the world's great nations. Since then her pen has been constantly active on behalf of India's cause. There are few papers of importance in this part of America to which she has not contributed articles or letters, long or short, correcting misrepresentations regarding India, or presenting arguments in favour of its struggle for self-government. Especially has India's brave and noble endeavour to gain freedom not by war but by non-co-operation, by self-suffering, by "soul-force," won her ardent admiration and support.

Miss Blackwell's admiration is very great for the women of India, who are fighting the same great battle in which the women of America have so long been engaged, to liberate themselves from the social and religious tyrannies of the past, to

gain adequate and unfettered education for their sex, to create better conditions for their children, and now, added to all the rest (in the case of India), to free their country, their beloved motherland, from the depressing, degrading, deadening influence of foreign domination. The struggle of the Women of India is more severe than that of their American sisters has ever been. Our women have shown splendid heroism. But this heroism of India's women is greater still. Little by little we in this country are beginning to see this. The time is coming when all the world will see it. I want the people of India to know how much Alice Stone Blackwell is doing to open American eyes to their self-sacrifice and their heroism.

If she knew I was writing this article I am sure she would desire me to send a message from her to the women of India. What would it be? It would be a warm heart-message, a sisterly message, of sympathy, love and admiration; and also ringing exhortation to hope, patience, faith in their great cause, and determination and courage that will never surrender, but will fight and suffer on until victory is won.

A few weeks ago, as the New Year came in, I received from Miss Blackwell a beautifully printed New Year's Greeting Card, which contained the following lines from the English poet, Gerald Massey:

“High hopes that burned like stars sublime,
Go down in the heavens of freedom,

And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em;
Yet never sit we down and say,
There's nothing left but sorrow,
The powers of hell are strong today,
But God shall reign tomorrow.

Yes! Truth, justice and right cannot be
permanently defeated!

God's ways seem dark, *but soon or late*
They touch the shining hills of dry."

I am sure that the above is essentially the word which Alice Stone Blackwell desires me to send, from her, to the heroic women and also to the brave men of India, in this crisis of their history.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

If Whittier were in India, I am sure Mahatma Gandhi would love him, Tagore would love him, Charles Andrews would love him, all India would love him. He would be deeply in sympathy with India's struggle for freedom; and no one would more earnestly than he support Gandhi and the Congress in their insistence that the fight must be carried on by love, not by hate, by enduring suffering, not by inflicting it.

Few will dispute that Whittier is America's greatest religious poet. Popularly he is known in America as our beloved, our almost universally beloved, "Quaker" poet.

If the question is asked: "Who are the Quakers?" the answer is: Their true name, the name which they always apply to themselves, is "Friends." And no name could be more fitting; for if any people, in any Western land, have ever shown themselves in all their career, true friends of all men, rich and poor, high and low, white and coloured, bond and free, and also true friends of freedom, peace and all best moral, religious and social reforms, it is they. The name Quaker seems to have been given to them by their enemies, partly in humour and partly in derision. But their lives have been so exemplary and their service to the world has been so great, that today nobody thinks of attaching opprobrium to it; it is a name of honour.

From the beginning of their history in

England, early in the seventeenth century, when George Fox, the founder of their movement, lifted up his voice against a religion of enslaving theological dogmas and dead ecclesiastical forms, the Quakers (Friends) have had a living and sorely needed message for humanity. What has it been? I think I shall not be far wrong if I reply that it has been from the first and still is, more nearly than that of any other Christian body, the message which Jesus proclaimed to the people of Palestine nineteen hundred years ago, and also essentially the message which Mahatma Gandhi is proclaiming to India and the world today.

John Greenleaf Whittier, America's honoured Quaker poet, died thirty years ago, at the age of 86. Born on a Massachusetts farm, he early learned the hardships and privations of old time New England country life. This had much to do with putting that iron into his moral blood which made him the heroic moral and religious reformer which he became.

He was reared in a Quaker home, he attended Quaker meetings, his principal childhood reading was the Bible and Quaker books. All these tended to make him simple, sincere, earnest, religious, a carer for reality as distinguished from show, a man with a conscience, a lover of his fellow men, of liberty, of right, and of peace.

Outside of the farm work, the home, and the Quaker meetings, he obtained his early education at a country school, which he attended three or four months each year until he was two-thirds

grown, and at a village academy, which he attended half a year when he was about twenty. But his real time of gaining an education was commensurate with his life. He was always an eager and earnest learner. After he became a man and was able to buy books, he read widely. He educated himself as Lincoln did, by contact with things and men and events, by observing closely and thinking hard. He became not simply a poetical dreamer, but a man of clear judgment, practical wisdom, and large intelligence.

When he was twenty-one, he went to Boston for a year and a half, where he worked in a printing office, and then edited a paper. Later he engaged in editorial work in Hartford, Conn., and in Philadelphia. Twice he served in the Massachusetts legislature. But his health was delicate, and he could bear neither the confinement of an editorial office nor the excitement of public life. Therefore, when he was only a little more than thirty, he established himself in a plain home in the little village in Amesbury, Mass., near his native place. There he spent the rest of his life, devoted to his chosen calling as a writer. He began writing poetry when a boy, his initiatory impulse in that direction having been received from Robert Burns, whom he always greatly admired. His first published poems appeared in the Newburyport "Free Press," of which young William Lloyd Garrison, just beginning his anti-slavery career, was the editor. The poems so much impressed Garrison that he sought

the acquaintance of the young poet. Thus began a life-long friendship between the two, which was of great importance to both, for it gave Garrison one of his most efficient allies in his anti-slavery work, and it brought Whittier into connection with a great reform movement which awakened his deepest sympathies and drew out all his powers as a writer.

In Whittier we have doubtless the most characteristically American, or at least the most characteristically New England, poet. His genius was as distinctly American as was that of Lincoln. Though after he reached manhood and began to attain fame, he mingled much with literary men, and with political leaders, yet he was all his life in closest possible contact with the plain people from whom he sprang, and with whom he always had the warmest sympathy. No poet has portrayed American, and especially New England, scenery, and American life more graphically than Whittier, or with a more genuine love of his themes. His poems were largely inspired by current events, and their patriotic and democratic spirit took a quick and strong hold upon the people, not only in New England but all over the country.

His poetry is largely autobiographical. By reading it, one may learn nearly all the most important events and experiences of his life, and told in a far more warm, picturesque and attractive way than they could be told in the cold prose of ordinary biography or autobiography.

Whittier had a remarkable gift for story-telling in verse. This is seen in his large number of narrative and legendary poems and ballads. Having a few facts or an old tradition, he invokes the aid of the Muse, and the result is, as if by magic, a pleasing or thrilling tale of love, adventure, suffering, heroism, or triumph of right over wrong, told in exquisite verse. The reading of half a dozen of such poems as "Cassandra Southwick," "Mary Garvin," "Mabel Martin," "The Witch of Wenham," "Shipper Ireson's Ride" and "Telling the Bees," will convince one of the author's rare genius for this kind of very attractive writing.

Whittier's poems of reform are numerous and conspicuous. Those dealing with slavery number ninety-two; those dealing with labour, and industrial, social and political reforms, number forty. The latter show him the ardent friend of labour, temperance, free government and universal peace, and the opponent of capital punishment, or imprisonment for debt, of class legislation, of sectarian bigotry, and all kinds of wrong whether in public life or private, in Church or State, in his own or in foreign lands. One of the best indications of his interest in all efforts to make the world better is seen in the fact that of his sixty poems about persons, more than half eulogize prominent reformers, like Channing, Garrison, Sumner, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Samuel G. Howe and Lydia Maria Child.

Whittier even more than Lowell, may be

called the great poet of the anti-slavery reform. Though he wrote no single poem against slavery at all comparable with the "Biglow Papers" in length or in literary brilliancy, yet he began his anti-slavery writing earlier than Lowell, he wrote more steadily and continued longer. There was hardly an event of importance connected with the anti-slavery movement that did not call out a poem from Whittier, and these productions were perfect lava torrents of moral appeal, burning and resistless, which the anti-slavery Press of the country carried everywhere.

It would be hard to tell which was the most effective in arousing the conscience of the American nation to the wrong of holding human beings in bondage, the remorseless logic of Garrison's editorials, the matchless eloquence of Wendell Phillips' speeches, or the white-hot moral fervour of Whittier's verses.

Here are a few lines from a poem entitled "Expostulation."

"What ho! our countrymen in chains:
The whip on Woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddened with the stains
Caught from her scourging warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!
Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn, the heathen's mirth,
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not e'en Russia's menials wear?"

Oh, rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth.
The gathered wrath of God and man,
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth
When hail and fire above it ran.
Oh! break the chain, the yoke remove,
And smite to earth oppression's rod.
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God."

One of the most sad and shocking things that good men have to face in this world is the fact that there is hardly any sin or evil that does not shelter itself behind religion, and find somewhere apologists and defenders among accredited religious teachers. Thus wars, even wars of conquest and subjugation, are almost always able to find priests and religious leaders to bid them God-speed, and bless them in the name of the Lord. It was so with slavery. Not only the clergy of the South, where slavery existed, but very large numbers of those of the North, where it did not exist, upheld slavery, and justified it as a "Divine institution." This brought many a stern and hot rebuke from Whittier. In a poem entitled "Clerical Oppressors" he exclaims:

"Just God! and these are they
Who minister at thine altar! God of Right!
What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then
Bolt hard the Captive's door?
What! servants of thy own
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast, fettering down
The tasked and plundered slave!
Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old combine!
Just God and holy! is that church which lends
Strength to the spoiler, thine?
How long, O Lord! how long

Shall such a priesthood barter truth away?
And in thy name, for robbery and wrong
At thy own altars pray?"

Whittier did not find his career as an anti-slavery reformer a bed of roses. At one time, taking part with George Thompson, the eminent English reformer, in an anti-slavery meeting in Newburyport, both were pelted with mud and stones, and barely escaped with their lives by driving from the town as fast as a galloping horse could carry them. In Philadelphia, where he was editor of an anti-slavery newspaper, the building in which the paper was published was ruthlessly destroyed by fire, and he was saved from violence, and probably death, by putting on a wig and a long white overcoat to conceal his identity.

Yet he did not flinch, but found such satisfaction and joy in advocating freedom for the oppressed and in seeing the cause steadily advance, that he wrote: "I set a higher value on my name appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833, than on the title-page of any book."

To a boy of fifteen who came to him for counsel, he answered: "My son, if thou wouldst make thy life truly worthwhile, truly successful, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause." He himself had dared to do that. He was wise enough to understand, not only that the only way moral progress is ever made in this world is by men and women daring to support noble unpopular causes, but also that supporting such causes is the surest of all known means of developing strong moral character, of creating

independent, courageous, incorruptible manhood and womanhood.

We must not make the mistake of supposing, because Whittier was so active in promoting the anti-slavery cause and wrote so much in its aid, that this was the principal work of his life. The anti-slavery struggle was only an episode,—immensely important but only an episode in his career, as it was only an episode in the life of the nation. His anti-slavery poems form hardly more than one-sixth of his total poetry, though in moral fervour they are equal to anything that he wrote. While he was a great moral reformer, he was first of all a poet, and a religious poet. And even the reform work that he did only fitted as a part into his great thought of religion. It was because he believed, and believed so intensely, in a religion of love, and mercy, a religion whose first principles were God's Universal Fatherhood, and the brotherhood of all men, rich and poor, white and black, that he felt the lash laid upon the back of the slave as if it were falling upon the body of his own blood kin.

Whittier was always a hater of war, always a man of peace. His Quaker principles insured that. He believed that the true way to carry on every reform was by peaceful methods. He wrote strongly in advocacy of disarmament.

“‘Put up the sword!’ The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the Cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through words of woe

Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons.
Of desolate women in their far off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!"

Doubtless the greatest of Whittier's poems, and the one upon which his fame as a poet will most firmly and enduringly rest, is his "Snow-Bound." All persons born and reared in New England, and especially in the rural parts of New England, know with what accuracy in every detail, as well as with what fine poetic art the picture is drawn. In "Snow-Bound" we have given us, not only the storm roaring on until the snow is piled above the fences, and the family are shut in with themselves and away from the world for a whole week, by drifts that well nigh bury house and barn and out-buildings in a great ocean of white, but we have what goes on inside that shut-in home during the week, portrayed for us in such a way as to give us a panorama of all that is most characteristic in the New England home life of the early half of last century; its tasks and toils; its hopes and fears; its relationships of parents and children and brothers and sisters; its thought, its reading, its amusements, its love; its joys and sorrows; its religion. All these are made by the poet to pass before us in so real and so charming a way, that we become a part of all we see and hear. As an idyl of old New England country life, we have nothing else so fine. "Snow-Bound" takes rank with Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

And although it does not set out to be a religious poem, it is religious in the very best sense, for it shows us with marvellous clearness and power and beauty, that religion of New England which was its deepest life.

Peculiar interest attaches to "Snow-Bound" because of the fact that the home which he describes was Whittier's own childhood home in which he grew up. The characters portrayed were, his father, his mother, his two sisters, his brother, an uncle, and an aunt, and a district school master who boarded in the family.

It is gratifying that since Whittier's death, friends and admirers have purchased the place, restored the chief room as nearly as possible to the condition in which it was when the boy was living there, and the homestead is to be preserved as a perpetual memorial of the beloved poet.

When Whittier wrote his "Snow-Bound" only his brother and he survived of all that dear group of whom he sang. The rest had passed "Beneath the low green tent whose curtain never outward swings." Tender and beautiful is the tribute he pays to each, but especially that to his youngest sister:

"I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings."

Yet he does not despair. He looks up and on.

"Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?"

What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?"

Addressing his still surviving brother, he exclaims:

"How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, Brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er.
Those lighted faces smile no more.
Yet, love will dream, and faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Who hath not learned, in hour of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

It is a sweet picture, touched with a radiance that could come only from the high faith which saw

"White against the evening star
The welcome of Love's beckoning hand."

If we want to learn how thoroughly Whittier broke with the iron creeds around him, which were full of teachings about God's Wrath, and God's Justice, and the curse of the Law, and Adam's Fall, and Man's Guilt, and bloody schemes of redemption, and eternal hells, and the like, and how thoroughly in place of all these things he accepted a religion which fills this world and the next with love and hope, we need only to read his two poems entitled "The Two Angels" and "The Eternal Goodness." Let me give the first:

“God called the nearest angels who dwelt with him above:
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.
‘Arise,’ he said, ‘my angels! A wail of woe and sin
Steals through the gates of heaven and saddens all within.
My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost
world swells,
The smoke of torment clouds the light and brights the
asphodels.
Fly downward to the underworld, and on its souls of pain
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like rain!’
Two faces bowed before the throne, veiled in their golden
hair;
Four white wings lessened swiftly down the dark abyss of
air.
The way was strange, the flight was long. At last the
angels came
Where swung the lost and nether world, red wrapped in
rayless flame.
Then Pity, shuddering, wept, but Love, with faith too
strong for fear,
Took heart from God’s almightiness, and smiled a smile
of cheer.
And lo! that tear of pity quenched the flame whereon
it fell,
And with the sunshine of that smile Hope entered into
hell.
Two unveiled faces, full of joy, looked upward to the
Throne,
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat
thereon.
And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling
flake,
Amidst the hush of wing and song the Voice Eternal
spake:
‘Welcome, my angels! You have brought a holier joy to
heaven.
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sins
forgiven.’”

This poem greatly troubled Whittier’s orthodox friends, who remonstrated with him, because he had done the utterly unwarrantable thing of representing hope as existing in hell, and the angels “Love” and “Pity” as putting out the fires. But he would not apologize or recant. Instead, he wrote, more fully to express and

justify his belief, that poem which will be loved as long as human hearts beat, "The Eternal Goodness." I quote only five verses, but these suggest the central thought of the poem.

"O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer;
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear, with groan and travail cries,
The world confess its sin;

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,
I know that God is good.

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The whole poem is a powerful sermon in support of that larger hope, and that richer and sweeter faith which are coming to the world in the place of the old Calvinism.

If we want to learn what was Whittier's thought about Jesus, how truly a human brother he saw in the great prophet of Nazareth, and how deep and warm was his love and reverence for him, we have only to read his poem

OUR MASTER.

"He cometh not a King to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

Yet warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he,
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine."

This is not the whole poem, but it is enough to show its spirit and its main thought.

Whittier was the most devout of all our eminent American poets, the one to whom worship meant most. Worship was an essential part of his very life. But it was not what much of Paganism and much of so-called Christianity have called worship. It was not worship as bloody rite, or atoning sacrifice or processions, or bowing of knees, or outward forms or observances of any kind. It was wholly of the heart and life. If one would learn how pure and deep and sane and uplifting a thing worship was to Whittier, let him read his poem entitled "Worship."

"He whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken;
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

One of Whittier's best known, most loved, and most deeply religious poems is his "My Psalm." A part of its verses are the following:

"I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold.
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening brought me back;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
That opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;—

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

The most characteristic religious thought of Whittier, and the one which perhaps influenced his life and his writings more than any other, was the thought, central in all Quakerism, of the "Inward Light," or the belief in the living Spirit of God as operative in the souls of men today. In common with all Quakers, or Friends, Whittier conceived of Inspiration as not an ancient miracle, but as an ever-present fact in the spiritual history of the world. His authorita-

tive "Word of God" was not any book: it was the voice of God in his own soul. He put high value upon the Bible, but not so high as upon the present utterances of the Holy Spirit. This belief in the Inward Light caused him always to exalt the spirit of Scripture above its letter, kept him from ever getting under the bondage of creeds, gave him freedom, breadth, spirituality, self-reliance, opened his eyes to truth, come from whatever direction it might; made him appreciative of the good in all sects and religions; kept him fresh in thought and progressive in spirit up to the very end of his life.

It is important to call attention to the very high place which Whittier occupies as a hymn-writer. Up to the past thirty or forty years, the hymns found in our American hymn books have mainly come from England—from Watts, Cowper, Newton, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, and the other eminent hymn-writers of whom England has produced so many. But within the past generation a great change has set in. America is now producing hymns in large numbers,—and some of the very finest of the world,—so fine that they are fast crowding out many old hymns that have been prominent in our books so long. Perhaps the leading name in connection with this new hymnology is Whittier. This is the more remarkable from the fact that among all his poems we have very few that were written as hymns. But many of his poems are so deeply religious, and at the same time have so high a

lyric quality, that one after another they are finding their way into the hymn literature of all denominations. Of course, his more radical utterances are tabooed here and there. But new doors are constantly opening for them, and wherever these better hymns go, they are creating a more genial theological climate; they are sowing the seeds of charity and love, and of a deeper and tenderer piety; they are laying the foundations of a faith as broad, as beautiful, as uplifting as the world has ever seen. Could we induce the sects and denominations of Christendom to burn their un-Christian creeds and confessions of faith and substitute the hymns of Whittier in their place, the result would be a rebirth of Christianity. We should have a revolution greater and more beneficent than the Reformation of the sixteenth century; we would have the religion of Jesus, with its love and brotherhood, come at last upon the earth. Some of the verses already quoted are sung as hymns; but I am sure I should fail to do justice to Whittier as a hymn-writer if I did not quote several more.

I

“O Freedom! on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls the glorious labour hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?”

II

"O pure reformers! Not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those that Heaven hath wrought.
Light, Truth and Love your battle ground,
The free, broad field of Thought."

III

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man hath calmly died.

We see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, 'Love is one.'

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the one marvel of their death—
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in its measure, but a part
Of Thine unmeasured loving heart."

IV

"What thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;

Out of self to love be led
 And to heaven acclimated.
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude."

V

"O sometimes gleams upon our sight
 Through present Wrong the Eternal Right;
 And step by step, since time began,
 We see the steady gain of man,—

That all of good the past hath had,
 Remains to make our own time glad,
 Our common, daily life divine,
 And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of today
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way:
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
 A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
 For olden time and holier shore;
 God's love and blessing, then and there,
 Are now and here and everywhere."

No true picture of Whittier can be painted which does not include his love of Nature. This comes out in a thousand ways in all his poems. One of the most beautiful of all his productions is his

"HYMN OF NATURE"

"The harp at Nature's advent strung
 Has never ceased to play:
 The song the stars of morning sung
 Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
 By all things near and far:

The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up
From every mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air,
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began:
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man."

No true picture of Whittier can be drawn that does not include his love of children, though he was never blessed with children of his own. He always spoke of his own boyhood with delight. He loved to watch children at their play. The following poem is coined out of his own heart.

"THE BAREFOOT BOY"

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry-whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I bring thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art, thou little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!
Let the million-dollared ride,
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy

In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned at schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place.
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
How the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of its walls of clay;
Of the architectural plans
Of gray hornet crabi sans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy! ”

I need hardly say, Whittier was an optimist. He believed in better things for man and better things for the world. But he was not an optimist of the weak and lazy kind who trust to luck or who believe that God will carry the world forward without man's help. His was an optimism based on intelligence and experience. He looked back over the past, and saw that the history of the world had been an advance from lower to higher things, but that the agent of that advance, ever since human history began, has been man. Progress has never achieved itself. In every age when wrongs needed to be righted, men who saw

and felt the wrongs have had to put forth efforts to secure the righting. In every age men endowed with wisdom to see possible good ahead, as yet unattained, have had to press forward toward the good and summon their fellows to follow. Only thus have the world's advances been made. Whittier saw this.

If you want to find men of faith, go to the men who are inside the battle, not to the idle on-lookers. Whittier from his earliest life was a soldier fighting the battle of the world's moral advance. He believed that victory would come, because he was helping to bring it. Here it is that we have the one practical and sure cure for the world's pessimism. In nine cases out of ten, the pessimists are men who are doing nothing for the moral advance of the world. They are selfish men, they are critics, they are dreamers rather than actors, they are men living for their own pleasure or their own fame, and not for ends of human service. It is no wonder that such men think the world is going to the bad. It would go to the bad if all were like them. What saves the world, what gives hope for its future, is the unselfish men, the men who are in the battle to make things better. Let the pessimist throw himself into the great fight that is going on everywhere between the good forces of society and the evil,—the great and splendid fight that beckons to every man for help, as it beckoned to Whittier,—and he may be sure that before he is aware his pessimism will melt away like a morning cloud

in the presence of the sun, and he will be able to join in Whittier's poem of triumphant optimism:

"Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the age of gold!

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is our own!

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory!"

Before closing I wish to cite three brief poetical tributes to Whittier, by eminent Americans. They help us to understand how widely and warmly he was loved, and how great was his service to humanity. Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes of him:

"At dawn of manhood came a voice to me,
That said to startled conscience, 'sleep no more!'
Like some loud cry that peals from door to door.
It roused a generation, and I see,
Now looking back through years of memory,
That all of school or college, all the lore
Of worldly maxims, all the statesman's store
Were naught beside that voice's mastery.
If any good to me or from me came
Through life, and if no influence less divine

Has quite usurped the place of duty's flame;
If aught rose worthy in this heart of mine,
Aught that, viewed backward, wears no shade
of shame;
Bless *thee*, old friend! for that high call was thine."

In a poem by James Russell Lowell, addressed to Whittier on his seventy-fifth birthday, we have these lines:

"New England's poet, rich in love as years!
Her hills and valleys praise thee, her swift brooks
Dance to thy verse; to all her sylvan nooks
Thy steps allure us.

Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake,
Yet for thy brother's sake
That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast most bold,
Far heard across the New World and the Old."

Oliver Wendell Holmes pays Whittier this fine tribute:

"Best beloved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong:
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song."

As was to be expected, Whittier approached the end of his long and useful life with serenity and peace. The whole English-speaking world loved and honoured him. But he was not puffed up. He loved his fellow men. He had done the work which he believed God had given him to do. He did not fear death. He waited with humble trust whatever God might have for him in the great beyond. A little while before the last hour arrived, as a small company of relatives and friends were gathered in his room to show their love, by his request one of the number read aloud to him and to the company the following lines,

which long before he had written in view of his own departure. The title it bears in his collected poems is

“AT LAST.”

“When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its inmate when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love that answers mine.

I have but thee, my Father! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, or branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The lips for which I long.”

When the last hour came, he lay in the east room of his home, with his face turned to the green fields, beyond which in the distance was the blue sea. For a long time he was still, half unconscious. Then the bright morning sun aroused

him, and lifting himself up, he looked out upon the scene, so familiar and so beautiful, and whispered, with a smile, "Give—my—love—to—the—world." They were his last words. With this message trembling on his lips—this message which epitomized the yearnings and efforts of all his life—he fell asleep.

DR. CHARLES F. DOLE,

*An Eminent American Religious Teacher
and Writer.*

Wrote Philip Gilbert Hammerton: I compare the life of the intellectual to a long wedge of gold—the thin edge of it begins at birth, and the depth and value of it go on increasing till at last comes death which stops the auriferous process. O, the mystery of the nameless ones who have died when the wedge was thin and looked so poor and light! Oh, the happiness of the old men whose thoughts go deeper and deeper, like a wall that runs out into the sea!

Charles Dole lived past eighty, truly a golden life, the “depth and value of it” increasing till death came. Happily the end did not arrive until he had written and published the beautiful story of it, “My Eighty Years.”

What a story it is! A New England boy, reared in a religious home where duty and love ruled; a graduate of Harvard and Andover; Professor of Greek for a year; pastor of an Orthodox Church for three years; forty years minister of a Unitarian Church in a suburb of Boston; eleven years free from Church responsibilities, a minister at large; and during all the long adult years of his life a fearless seeker for truth, a devoted lover of men, and an ethical and

spiritual teacher giving forth constantly by voice and pen a message as high and fine as that of Channing.

When the end came, how did he go?

He went down
As a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Who shall fill his place?

As I think of Mr. Dole, he seems to me above all else to have been four things—a Thinker, a Humanist, a Worshipper, and a Fighter.

What a Thinker he was! A few months ago I put the question to one of the most brilliant of our younger Unitarian ministers, who had had fine training at Harvard and elsewhere: "Who in our ministry or in that of any of the other churches, do you regard as our best religious Thinker today—I mean the man whose thought seems to you the freshest, the most alive, the truest, the deepest, the most worthwhile?" He answered: "Dr. Dole." Would I have answered the same if the question had been asked me? Yes.

Charles Dole seldom quoted, though a wide reader. He seldom mentioned the thought of others, either to approve or disapprove, but if for either, it was almost certainly for commendation, not for criticism. He never posed as one who had a philosophical or theological system to propagate or defend, much less as one bent on overturning the theological or philosophical system of

somebody else. He was less an echo than almost any other man in the American pulpit. First, last, and all the while he was simply a thinker of his own honest thought; and whether you like his thought or not, you had to confess that it was as fresh as morning sunlight, as fresh as the water from a deep well. And if you listened to it or read it in a really candid mood, you generally found yourself compelled very soon to like it, it was so candid, so sincere, so genuine, so penetrating, illuminating and appealing, so modest and yet so profound, and so true to the truest and deepest in your own soul.

What a Humanist he was! Not a Humanist of a negative kind; not of a kind that drops out any of the great, deep ethical or spiritual realities of the past, calling that progress; but of the kind that keeps every faith, every hope, every ideal, every incentive that ennobles humanity and comforts the deep heart of man—a mighty Humanist of the type of Channing, Theodore Parker, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and if I may add poets, Frederick Hosmer and Samuel Longfellow—a kind of which from the first the Unitarian movement in this country and England has been so gloriously full. No man ever lived that was more deeply interested than was Dole in everything calculated to benefit humanity, to cure the ills of humanity, to lift up humanity to its finest, strongest and best. Every sermon he ever preached showed this; so did every book he wrote, so did all his splendid work in the Boston

Twentieth Century Club, and other lines of public activity. Nor was his humanism confined to Boston, or New England, or America or the white race; it was big as the world—it reached out to all men everywhere who suffer or are wronged. What a Worshipper he was! It seems to me I never saw any other man to whom God was so near and so real—so much the joy and inspiration of his every day and every hour, so truly the very life of his life—the upper sky of all his dreams, of all his thoughts, all his hopes and faith,—the splendid meaning of his own life, and humanity's life and of the world. The glorious thought which makes man a child of the eternities, not a mere insect of a day, and which makes the universe not a blind idiot's dream, but a living Cosmos, full of infinite significance from the smallest electron to the vastest sun in space. He looked so deep, so deep, into the heart of things, as to see that

There is enough of God
In the heart of a rose,
In the smile of a child
In the dewy blossoms of dawn,
To prove
That Beauty is the Soul of Him.
That Love is His Sceptre,
And that all things created by Him.
Face not the night,
But Eternal Morning.

What a Fighter he was! A physical fighter, a brute fighter, a fighter, to kill or wound or injure men? Never! Never! Only little men, moral cowards, men who are only half *men* and

the other half *beasts yet* fight in that way. Dole was a moral fighter,—and it takes bravery infinitely greater than that of beasts to do that kind of fighting. When the whole nation had gone insane with fury to go across the sea and kill Germans, he had the intelligence, the patriotism, the honor, the almost super-human bravery quietly to say, “No!” Killing Germans is wrong—just as wrong if we kill millions of them in war as if we murdered them one by one with pistols and knives. Furthermore, it can accomplish no possible good for France, or Britain or ourselves, or the world: but only evil, evil, evil to everybody.

Dole had the superb, the almost unbelievable courage to keep his sanity and say just that, while the multitudes around him, many of them his dearest friends, called him “Red,” a “Bolshevik,” “a traitor to his country” and other names the bitterest that they knew. It was a terrible experience; it was a crucifixion like that of Calvary. But he no more shrank than did Jesus. Such men are the greatest possible heroes, who shine like stars in the history of the world.

And Dole was that kind of a hero, not only in opposing the futile and horrible war of 1914-18 but all war as unnecessary in this twentieth century, and every other evil that afflicts humanity. Wherever there was a man-fight as distinguished from a beast-fight, that is, wherever there was a fight for freedom, for justice, for right, for truth, for striking chains from human bodies or human

souls, in a word, wherever there was a fight that asked men to carry it on with love and not with hate,—there was Dole, always, and in the front rank. And he was as mighty as he was brave. He did not shout and swing a big battle-axe and make a great commotion: but he pierced the armour of his foes with the lance of his keen and irresistible thought and thus was wonderfully effective in winning the battle. I think we may look upon Dr. Dole as in a sense our American Mahatma Gandhi: or, upon Gandhi as India's Dr. Dole. Dole is not so famous as Gandhi; I am sure it would be for the world's spiritual enriching if he were. I think we may regard the religion of the two men as essentially identical. While Gandhi is the child of Hinduism, he draws his faith not alone from the Bhagavad Gita and other Hindu sacred literature, but also from the Christian Sermon on the Mount and all other inspiring religious books. While Dole was the child of Christianity, he drew his faith not alone from the Bible, but also from the literature of all the religions of the world and all humanity. The world is amazed and electrified at the absolute sincerity and moral fearlessness of Gandhi. Dole was hardly less sincere or fearless. Gandhi is a pacifist. Dole was the same. That two such men should be called by that name ought to lift it up to be one of the most shining and honoured names in all the world. Gandhi believes that love is the greatest of all forces, and that sometime, men will find it out and it will

rule the nations. This was Dole's splendid faith too. This proclaims them both true brothers of Jesus.

I remember reading a fine story about Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton, England, that most chivalrous knight of the spirit, that Lancelot, that King Arthur, among Church of England preachers. A tradesman of Brighton who had sat for years under his magnetic words and felt all their mighty uplifting power, tells us that after Robertson's death he placed a fine picture of him in the back room of his store and for years whenever he felt a temptation in his business to do anything that was not in the strictest sense right, he made himself go back and take a look at that strong face and into those pure eyes; and at once the temptation was gone, and he found it impossible to stoop below high honor. Dole was another Robertson. His influence was just the same. It always seemed to me that in his presence it was impossible to think a sordid or low thought, or to have a feeling that was other than fine and sweet or to be a coward or to hate anybody or to be indifferent to any human interests. If ever in his presence you were tempted to say a mean word or think a mean thought, his clear, pure eyes looked straight down into your soul and said to you with infinite tenderness, "No! No! No! Life is too high and beautiful for that." And then all the little devils of low thought flew out of your mind, ashamed and bright angels of good thoughts came in their place.

I am sure Charles Dole, though no longer seen in the flesh, will go on and on and on, longer than any of us know, putting integrity, purity, sanity, sincerity, honor and moral strength into all who personally knew him, and also into thousands who only knew of him or read his words of simple beauty and spiritual penetration so marvellously like the words of Jesus.

Thank God for that daring, that luminous soul
Who "saw things straight and saw them whole"
Whom with pride we call *our* Charles F. Dole!

With conscience sound
As the world is 'round!
With love as wide
As the ocean's tide;
With courage true
As the sky is blue;
A glorious knight
Of love and light
Of manhood's worth
And reason's might!
God give us men like Charles F. Dole!
And then and then,
As the seasons roll,
They shall nearer bring the shining day
When war and hate shall pass away,
When Love shall over the nations brood
And earth become the Kingdom of God.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE: THE FIRST WOMAN OF AMERICA

In the recent death of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, America has lost one whom it is no exaggeration to speak of as the most distinguished, the most widely beloved and the most highly honoured woman of the land. Certain it is that the death of no other woman could have called forth so many or so warm tributes of regard and affection from all classes of people and from all parts of the country, as during the past few weeks have filled the American periodical press.

Few lives can be pointed to in any age or land—few lives of either women or men—that have been so full, so rich, so complete, so beautiful with love and unselfishness, so useful in so many lines of noble beneficence, so inspiring to everybody who has a life to live and desires to live it worthily, as that of Mrs. Howe.

For many years her appearance in any public gathering had never failed to be acknowledged by the whole audience rising and standing reverently until she was seated. The great esteem in which she was held was due no doubt in part to her great age, for she was in her ninety-second year at the time of her death, having been born only three days later than Queen Victoria; but still more it was due to her rare intellectual and spiritual gifts, her scholarship,

the charm of her personality, the sweetness, grace and strength of her character, and the devoted and efficient service she had rendered to others and to so many good causes throughout all her long career.

Although born into a home of wealth, in New York City, wealth as such never attracted her, or seemed to her of anything like so much importance as many other things. Beautiful in person, intellectually brilliant, courted on every side, surrounded by all the influences which would naturally lead to a life of fashion and pleasure, she early saw the hollowness of such a life, and turned to those things which would give permanent satisfaction to her higher nature and make her of service in the world.

From earliest childhood she loved books. Reading and study were a delight to her. While a girl at school she learned Latin, Greek, French and German. Italian she learned all by herself, without any one knowing, because it seemed to her so beautiful a language. Literature she read eagerly and widely. Even profound works of philosophy she learned to delve into, and found in their deep thought a subtle charm. She began early to write. At seventeen she was publishing poems anonymously.

All this did not mean that she was a recluse, or a mere bookworm. She enjoyed life, was attractive in society, and was sought for in circles of wealth and position. In early womanhood she lost her father. Soon after this she went on a

visit from New York to Boston, where she met Dr. Samuel S. Howe, whom a little later she married. This turned her life into wholly new channels, channels that were congenial to her, and which led to all the rich achievements and fruitions with which her subsequent career was filled.

Dr. Howe was nearly twenty years older than Mrs. Howe. In 1824, after having graduated in the Arts course at Brown University and in Medicine at Harvard, he became deeply interested in the cause of the Greeks who were struggling to throw off the tyrannical yoke of Turkey. Accordingly he went to Greece to fight by the side of Lord Byron for Greek liberty. Here, partly as a surgeon in the army and partly as a soldier, he made for himself a warm place in the hearts of the Greek people. After sharing their struggles and hardships for two years he returned to America, raised a large sum of money as a relief fund for the impoverished people, and went back with a ship-load of food and clothing which he distributed himself among the suffering. After this he staid for a time to help start trade and commerce in the devastated country, and was made Surgeon in Chief of the Greek fleet.

When the fight for Greek independence was won, Dr. Howe went to France, and there aided the French people in establishing their second Republic.

Later, with J. Fennimore Cooper, the distinguished novelist, and S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, he helped the Poles in their

unavailing struggle against the combined tyranny of Prussia, Russia and Austria. He went to Germany carrying a Polish Relief Fund, and was arrested and cast into a Berlin prison, and afterwards expelled from the country. These adventures made Dr. Howe known throughout Europe and America, where he was honoured and beloved by all friends of liberty.

In 1833, he began in Boston his great work for the blind. It was largely through his effort that the Perkins Institution for the Blind was established, which under his direction soon became the leading school of the kind in the world. Here he achieved one of the most remarkable results ever known in the history of education, that of taking Laura Bridgeman, a girl who at the age of two had wholly lost sight, smell and hearing, and teaching her to read and write, and so training her in clear thinking and intelligence as to enable her to become a teacher of others.

It was at this time (1841) when he was already famous, that Dr. Howe first met the charming accomplished and earnest young woman from New York, who a year or two later was to become his wife. With his soul aflame with enthusiasm for human service, he was exactly the man to kindle her imagination, to capture her heart, and to stimulate her to the attainment of the best that she was capable of.

After their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Howe spent a year making a tour of Europe, in company with their friends Horace Mann, the distinguished

American educator, and his bride. First of all, they went to London, where for two months they occupied a house in Upper Baker Street. To this house to visit them, came many eminent literary characters and artists, among the number being Charles Dickens, Monckton Milnes, Sydney Smith, Maria Edgeworth, Henry Hallam, Maclise and Landseer. Thomas Carlyle visited them twice, and was permitted to smoke his pipe, although Mrs. Howe had a strong dislike to tobacco. During her English sojourn Mrs. Howe paid a short visit to Florence Nightingale, with whom she spent three days. The two women had much in sympathy, and in after-life Mrs. Howe frequently referred to "the charming grace and beautiful personality" of her hostess.

After leaving England Dr. and Mrs. Howe made a somewhat extended tour on the Continent, staying longest in Italy. The year was one of quiet enjoyment and profit to both. On their return to America they established their home in Boston.

With her wealth, intellectual brilliancy and social accomplishments Mrs. Howe soon became a recognised society leader. But the society that she gathered around her was not the fashionable and the frivolous; it was the intelligent, the cultured, the earnest—the men and women with ideals and high purposes in life; the men and women who made the Boston and the New England of the last half of the 19th century honoured and great. Among her near friends were Emerson,

Longfellow, Lowell, Charles Sumner, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Frank B. Sanborn and Edward Everett Hale.

In religion Mrs. Howe was a Unitarian, as was her husband. During the life of Theodore Parker she was one of the throng that went every Sunday to the Boston Music Hall to hear that great religious prophet and political and social reformer. After Parker's death she joined the Church of the Disciples, which had for its minister the eminent and saintly preacher and writer, Dr. James Freeman Clarke. Thus she was at the very centre of the best intellectual, moral, religious and philanthropic life of Boston and New England.

Mrs. Howe's long life was divided between three great and absorbing interests; one was study and literary work; one was service of others, in private ways, and especially through organised movements for educational, social, industrial, political and religious reform and progress; and the third, which was never given a place subordinate to anything else, was her home and family.

Mrs. Howe was a somewhat prolific writer throughout the whole of her career. The larger part of her writing was given to the public through daily and weekly papers and magazines. Contributions from her pen were sought eagerly by editors everywhere, and her articles generally

the Authors' Club in New York, and there told the interesting story of how the poem came to be written,—

She said, “During the early days of the civil war, I was in Washington, with my husband, Dr. Howe, and my pastor,—Dr. James Freeman Clarke. We were witnessing a review of the Union troops. The road was so filled with soldiers that the return from the reviewing grounds was very slow and tedious, and, to while away the time, we sang a number of war songs, among them the even then famous “John Brown’s Body.” Some of the passing regiments took it up, and the echoes rang with it for miles. Dr. Clarke said to me: ‘Mrs. Howe, why don’t you compose some appropriate words for that very expressive tune?’ I told him I had tried but had not succeeded. The next morning I awoke suddenly, in the gray light just before the day, and found the lines I wanted running through my mind. I arose at once and wrote them down, and afterward sent them to the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. James T. Fields, the editor, supplying the title. They did not attract much attention at first. But one day Chaplain McCabe sang them in a Southern prison, and after that they became famous. That’s their story.”

From the very beginning of her married career Mrs. Howe was deeply interested in the remarkable work of her husband for the education of the blind; and later when her son-in-law Dr. Anagnos, took up and carried on with such

success the same line of work, her interest continued great in that.

Both Mrs. Howe and her husband enlisted early in the anti-slavery cause, in which they did heroic and devoted service. For some years they edited an anti-slavery paper, the *Boston Commonwealth*. The fact that Boston wealth and fashion were largely on the side of the slaveholder did not deter these brave souls from siding with the slave and doing all in their power to give him freedom.

After the Civil War was over, and the slaves of the South were set at liberty, Mrs. Howe still remained solicitous for their welfare. She never ceased to advocate justice to them, and to urge the importance of giving them schools and education. No voice was more stern than hers in condemnation of the horrors of lynching, and every other kind of wrong done to a race that ought to be protected and helped.

Mrs. Howe continued all her life to feel a deep interest in the Greeks for whom her husband had so chivalrously laboured and fought. In the many national struggles and the tragic experience that they have been called upon to pass through since Dr. Howe left their shores, she never ceased to follow their fortunes with the warmest sympathy. Greeks travelling in this country, or coming here to make homes, as many had done in the later decades of her life, were always sure that they had in America at least one genuine friend. When the Greeks in Boston held their celebrations, she frequently attended, and it was

her custom to speak to them in their own language, in response to their greetings.

She was keenly alive to the sufferings and wrongs of all oppressed peoples. It was owing to her that the "Society of American Friends of Russian Freedom" was organized many years ago, with Whittier, Wendell Phillips, Phillips Brooks and many other distinguished Americans as members. When that remarkable Russian Woman, Catherine Breshkovsky, came to this country to tell the terrible story of Russian oppression, Mrs. Howe exerted herself earnestly to secure for her a wide hearing, and to awaken a national interest in her cause. And some years ago when Russia stretched its iron fingers across the sea and tried through the wiles of diplomacy to get hold of Jan Pouren, the political refugee, and drag him back to trial and either death or Siberian mines, Mrs. Howe assisted in the organization of those hundreds of protest meetings held in all parts of the land, which finally resulted in defeating Russia's intrigue and saving Pouren. To the meeting of protest held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mrs. Howe sent a letter saying, "Our right of asylum must be kept inviolate and inviolable,"—and quoting Emerson's words,—

"Bid the broad
 Atlantic roll
A ferry of the free."

Dr. Channing, at near the end of his life, spoke of himself as "always young for liberty." It was equally true of Mrs. Howe that up to the day

of her death she was "always young for liberty." She was President of the Society formed in America, called the "Friends of Armenia," and addressed many protest meetings at the time of the great massacres in that unhappy country. On her 77th birthday, she said:

"I feel so much the sufferings of the Armenian people that I could almost go from door to door begging the rich and the poor to send contributions for their relief. But far better would it be if measures were taken by the leading Governments of the world to prevent ignorant superstition from holding a bloody carnival whenever it may see fit. I pray Heaven that such a movement may be soon and effectually inaugurated."

The Armenians were everywhere deeply grateful to her for her sympathy and her efforts in their behalf.

All her life Mrs. Howe was a friend of Italy. She warmly sympathized with Mazzini and Garibaldi and the men who led the Italian people in their heroic struggle for national unity and freedom. She made several visits to Italy, which seemed to her a land of extraordinary charm. The Italian language and people she loved, and the rich treasures of Italian art she never ceased to study with delight. She was held in very high regard by the large numbers of Italians living in America. When she was 87 years of age she gave an address in the Italian language at a celebration by Boston Italians of the 400th

anniversary of the death of Columbus. She was honorary President of the Circolo Italiano, and in 1902 received from the Societa Dante Alighieri of Rome, of which the Boston Society is a branch, a diploma in acknowledgment of her efforts to diffuse in America a knowledge of the language and affairs of Italy.

Mrs. Howe was a very earnest advocate of the cause of peace, and for many years before her death had been an officer of the American Peace Society. At the time of the Franco-Prussian war she was greatly stirred, and drew up an appeal to mothers asking, "Why do not the mothers of mankind interfere to prevent the waste of human life of which they alone know and bear the cost?" The appeal was translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian and Swedish, and circulated widely in the various countries of Europe. As long as she lived she continued to write and speak in the interest of international peace and arbitration. On her death, her old-time friend and co-worker in the cause of peace, John T. Trowbridge, wrote of her:

"She sang the battle hymn that rings
Down the long corridors of time;
Her lifelong human service sings
Of peace, an anthem more sublime."

Mrs. Howe regarded as the most important work of her life that which she did for woman, to promote the higher education of woman, a larger life for woman, the emancipation of woman from many of the bondages which were upon her,

and the suffrage for woman as a necessary step in her further progress. In this cause she labored earnestly as long as she lived, speaking for it in public conventions, lecturing in its behalf in all parts of the land, pleading for it before State legislatures, and writing for it with a tireless pen.

She was not one of the very earliest advocates in America of the woman suffrage movement. In this cause Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mrs. Lucretia Nott were some years in advance of her. Like many others she was at first prejudiced against the movement, but when she came to look carefully into its meaning and the reasons for it, she found herself drawn irresistibly into sympathy with it, and for more than forty years there was no more ardent advocate in America of equal suffrage for man and woman than she. In 1868, she took a leading part in organizing the New England Woman Suffrage Association, became its first president, and was its president at the time of her death. Accompanied by other women of ability, culture and influence, and sometimes by men of distinction like Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, she spoke at great suffrage conventions all over New England. Her eloquence and her literary and social prestige were a tower of strength to the cause during its early years of unpopularity.

Not less important was the work she did as President of the national organization known as

the "Association for the Advancement of Women" or the "Women's Congress." For many years this Congress held one or more meetings each year in leading cities in all parts of the United States and in Canada. The programmes, extending over three or four days, were not confined to suffrage, but included education and all subjects bearing on women's progress and larger life. The leading women of the nation were brought to these Congresses as speakers. The things said were widely reported in the papers of the country. The audiences drawn together in the various cities were very large, crowding the most capacious theatres, opera houses and halls. Nothing done before had ever produced such a widespread intellectual and moral awakening among the women of the nation as did these Congresses. Wherever they were held they left behind them a train of women's clubs, women's suffrage associations, women's study classes, motherhood societies, societies for child-study, and associations, of many kinds for promoting better education for women and girls, for opening new avenues of activity for women, and for improving homes.

One of the last enterprizes of Mrs. Howe's life was a census which she secured of the opinions of the ministers and editors of the four women-suffrage States in the Union, as to whether or not effects of equal suffrage had been good, upon the women themselves, upon homes and upon society. She gave the results of her census in the very last

number of the Boston *Woman's Journal* issued before her death. And what were the results? To her letters of inquiry she received 624 answers; of these 62 were unfavourable to the suffrage, 46 in doubt and 516 in favor. The Episcopal ministers of all four of the States, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho, declared more than two to one that the effect of suffrage upon women, the home and society had been good: the Baptist ministers declared the same seven to one; the Congregationalists eight to one; the Methodists ten to one and the Presbyterians eleven to one. We can easily understand how gratifying such testimony must have been to one who had laboured so long in the suffrage cause as Mrs. Howe had done.

Mrs. Howe has been called the "mother of Women's Clubs," and the "mother of women's organizations of every kind." Undoubtedly the women's club movement, and indeed the whole movement for organization among women, which has become so widespread in this country and which has caught like a prairie fire from our own to other lands, is traceable to Mrs. Howe more than to any other single person. When she came on the scene there were no women's clubs indeed, there was comparatively little intellectual life of any kind among the women of this country. But she believed that women were capable of intellectual life, and needed it as much as did men. More than that, she believed that women would be made wiser and better by it, wiser and better

as wives and mothers. Therefore, from the very beginning of her career she set out to do what she could to promote it, by seeking to secure as good educational advantages for girls as for young men; by efforts to secure suffrage to women the same as to men; and, as hardly less important than either of the others, by efforts to induce women to organize themselves into clubs and circles and associations for objects of mutual improvement, and the good of others. She recognized the power of united effort; and she said, "Why should not women avail themselves of this power, for the enlargement of their own lives and for the benefit of Society?"

When she began to organize women for these large and important ends, it was hard and slow work. Precedent and all the influences of conservatism were against her. Men frowned and women feared. It was declared to be unwomanly for women to organize themselves together for any purpose at all. Or, at the very farthest, they should not go beyond uniting in small sewing circles to sew for the poor. To organize for intellectual purposes, or to promote movements of any magnitude for the public good, was thought almost a crime.

What a change has come! The little acorn which Mrs. Howe and a few others with her planted 40 to 50 years ago has become a great tree, whose branches extend from State to State and from land to land, and whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations."

Not that the widespread organization of women which we see today, into clubs and societies and associations for objects of a hundred different kinds, is all good. Of course, it is not all good. What movement in the world is? Everything has its weak side. If we condemn all advance movements that are not perfect we shall never have any progress at all. But after making all just allowances for limitations and imperfections, I do not see how any thoughtful person can witness without satisfaction and pride and great new hope for the world, the work which women's clubs and other organizations are doing today all over this country, and in many others; not only for the enlargement of the intellectual life of women themselves, for the culture and training of women in literature, science, knowledge, music and art, but also for the promoting of almost every worthy cause—every cause that means love and kindness and human good in our time.

Consider the situation as we see it today. As regards religion, education, temperance; charities, philanthropies and social reforms of a hundred kinds; the work of improving homes and making motherhood more intelligent; child-saving work; improvements in jails and prisons and poor houses; civic improvements, city and village beautification; city and town and home sanitation, and food inspection; homes for orphans and for the aged; hospitals for men, women and children, and nursing for the poor; social settlement work, boys' and girls' clubs, playgrounds for children;

kindergartens for the poor; day nurseries to help poor and over-burdened mothers; travelling libraries; flower and fruit missions,—where is there anything good going on or undertaken that is not to a greater or less degree the result of women's love, women's efforts and women's organizations?

To have been a leader, perhaps more than any other woman the leader, as Mrs. Howe has been, in creating all this splendid side of our modern American social development, our modern American higher civilization, is a glory greater than falls to many a human being in this world.

Mrs. Howe was one of the most faithful, loving and devoted of mothers. She brought up a family of five children, a son and four daughters, all of whom became worthy, useful and honored members of society. I want to call particular attention to this side of her life because it is so often said that educated women do not make good mothers,—that culture somehow detracts from motherhood, and especially that women who go so far as to care for the welfare of the City, the State and the Nation, and to desire the privilege of voting, for that very reason must be poor mothers.

Mrs. Howe was highly educated, she was richly cultured, she cared always and earnestly for the welfare of her City, her State and Nation and for fifty years she never ceased to lift up her voice on all proper occasions to let it be known that she wanted the ballot for herself and her

sisters. But all who knew her, united in testifying that there could not be a truer or a better mother.

All her intelligence and culture and wide interests in public life enriched her home, made her a truer and more delightful and helpful companion to her husband, and a dearer, more lovely and more inspiring mother to her children. Think how much more she was able to give to her children than would have been possible without her culture, her knowledge and her wide outlook. For children to be brought up with such a mother, is the finest of all possible educations.

We have many portrayals of Mrs. Howe's home life. Perhaps none is better than that given us by her daughter, Mrs. Richards, in her book entitled, "When I was your Age." Says Mrs. Richards:

"Our mother's genius might soar to heaven on the wing of such a song as her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' but we always considered that she was tied to our little string, and we never doubted our perfect right to pull her down to earth whenever a matter of importance such as a doll's funeral or a sick kitten—was at hand.

To her our confidences were made, for she had a rare understanding of the child mind. We were always sure that Mamma knew 'just how it was.'

Through all and around all, like a laughing river, flowed the current of her wit and fun. No child could be sad in her company. If we were

cold, there was a merry bout of 'fitticuffs' to warm us; if we were too warm, there was a song or story while we sat still and 'cooled off.' We all had nicknames, our own names being often too sober to suit her laughing mood. We were 'Petotty,' 'Jehu,' 'Wolly' and 'Bunks of Bunktown.' What fun we got out of these names! It was worthwhile to have measles and things of that sort, not because one had stewed prunes and cream toast, but because our mother sat by us, and sang 'Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor,' or some mystic ballad.

It was very strange to us to find other children holding their revels without their father and mother. 'Papa and Mamma' were always the life and soul of ours.

Sometimes our mother would give us a party, and that was sure to be a delightful affair, with charades or magic lantern or something of the kind.

Study always formed an important part of our mother's life. It was her delight and recreation, when wearied with household cares, to plunge into German metaphysics, or into the works of the Latin poets, whom she greatly loved. Yes, very much our mother loved her books, yet how quickly were they laid aside when any head was bumped, any knee scratched, any finger cut! When we tumbled down and hurt ourselves, our father always cried, 'Jump up and take another,' and that was very good for us; but our mother's kiss made it easier to jump up.

Our mother read to us a great deal too, and told us stories, from the Trojan War down to 'Puss in Boots.' It was under her care that we used to look over the 'Shakespeare book.'

We had many famous picnics and parties. The picnics are remembered with especial delight. A picnic with our mother and one without her were two very different things. I never knew that a picnic could be dull till I grew up and went to one where that brilliant gracious presence was lacking.

Our walks with our mother are never to be forgotten,—twilight walks around the hill behind the house, with the wonderful sunset deepening over the bay, turning all the world to gold and jewels: or through the valley itself, the lovely wild glen, with waterfall and its murmuring stream, and the solemn Norway fire, with their warning fingers. Here, and in the lovely lonely fields, as we walked, our mother talked with us, and we might share the rich treasures of her thought.

'And oh, the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth.'

One such word, dropped in the course of conversation as the maiden in the fairy story dropped diamonds and pearls, comes now to my mind and I shall write it here because it is good to think of and to say over to one's self:

'I gave my son a palace
And a kingdom to control—
The palace of his body,
The kingdom of his soul.'

What a sermon was that! Do you think a child would ever forget it?"

That is the way to teach children religion,—your children and mine. We must live very near to them, as Mrs. Howe did. We must win their confidence as she did. We must be their truest, nearest, dearest of friends, as she was. We must let them see that we care, very deeply care, for love and truth and God, and all the high things that religion stands for. And then, when we are alone with them in beautiful places, and we feel that we are very close to them in sympathy and feeling, we must speak the simple, reverent, earnest word that is in our hearts, drop the seed of a sweet, high, tender thought, perhaps about God, perhaps about duty, perhaps about living nobly, into their minds. And we may be sure that it will be a seed of life. It will not die. It will live and grow in the years to come, when we have forgotten all about it. It will bear fruit after we have gone from the earth.

Mrs. Howe was a fine musician. A volume of musical compositions from her pen was published only two or three years ago. Her voice was one of rare sweetness, and until very late in life she was wont to give great pleasure to her friends by her singing. In her home her music was a constant joy to all. Her daughter, Mrs. Richards, writes: "Our mother's story should be sung rather than said, so much has music to do with it." Her children recall as among the very happiest recollections of their home life the

habitual gatherings of the family at twilight around the piano to sing together, but especially, greatest treat of all, to listen to the songs of their mother. It seemed to them that she knew all the songs in the world, for she never came to the end of her repertoire. Besides those of her own composing, there were "gay little French songs, all ripple and sparkle and trill; and soft melting Italian serenades and barcaroles, which seemed like the notes of the nightingale; and merry jovial German student songs, which she learned from her brother when he came back from Heidleberg." And with all the rest there was no lack of songs that were serious and earnest, full of noble thought and tender feeling. Thus it was, that through all the years that her children were growing up, music was one of the most constant and effective of all the agencies laid hold of by Mrs. Howe to add charm to the home and make it the most attractive place in the world to her family.

Mrs. Howe was a woman of a deeply religious nature. But her religion was not superstitious or dark or ascetic, or one that cut her off from society or from the joy of life. It was one of light and reason and love. It made her sympathetic toward sorrow and suffering, and helpful to all who needed assistance; and it opened her life to everything sweet and beautiful and good.

She was never formally ordained as a preacher, but she preached much, and always

with great acceptance. Generally her preaching was done in Unitarian pulpits, but not always. In the later years of her life she was welcome in almost any of the pulpits of the country except those of the Roman Catholic or the Episcopal order. Though she was often heard in crowded and fashionable churches, yet she liked best to speak to the poor and the humble. She said she never enjoyed preaching so much as when she gave a series of sermons to a congregation of barefooted negroes in the Island of the San Domingo when her husband was United States Commissioner there.

As a preacher she was quiet, thoughtful, instructive and persuasive; everybody liked to hear her. She always spoke with dignity and winning grace, and thus did much to disarm those who were opposed to women occupying pulpits.

She believed that the Christian ministry in all churches ought to be open to women. In this she was in advance of her age. For many years only the liberal churches (Unitarian and Universalist) allowed women to preach. But progress has been made, now fully half a dozen Christian denominations are opening their pulpits to women.

Twenty years or more ago she organised a Woman's Ministerial Conference, of which she was made the president, and she remained such up nearly to the time of her death.

Mrs. Howe had had a number of honorary degrees conferred upon her by colleges and

universities, the last only a few weeks before her death, when she receives the degree of Doctor of Humanities from Smith College, at Northampton, the largest of the American colleges for women. Here, as she was brought upon the platform in a wheeled chair, the great audience of 3,000 greeted her with the most enthusiastic applause, and as if with one voice joined in singing her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Dr. Burton, the President of the College, in conferring the degree characterized her felicitously and truthfully as "poet and patriot, lover of letters and learning, advocate for more than half a century in print and in living speech of great causes of human liberty; sincere friend of all that makes for the elevation and enrichment of womanhood, to whom in her serene, gracious and venerated age we offer felicitation and grateful homage."

The American people are often spoken of as materialistic, lacking in idealism, worshippers of money. But the love and esteem in which Mrs. Howe was universally held goes far to disprove the charge. No rich woman, even though a multimillionaire, had any such place in the public regard as did she. The entrance of a dozen women of the greatest wealth into a public gathering would evoke no such enthusiasm and no such expressions of honour and regard as were sure to follow a recognition of her presence.

Mrs. Howe's old age was a remarkable one, continuing as long as it did, and so full of activity to the end; and also so full to the end,

of courage, of cheer, of brightness and of joy in living! At ninety she said: "The deeper I drink of the cup of life, the sweeter it grows."

She passed her ninetieth birthday in the forenoon at home reading Greek, and in the afternoon meeting two public commissions, before one of which she made an earnest and very able plea for pure milk for infants.

At eighty she published the following poem, which well epitomizes her long and beautiful life—

"I made life's voyage on a golden river,
'Neath clouds of opal and of amethyst;
Along its banks bright shapes were moving ever,
And threatening shadows melted into dust.
My eye, unpractised, sometimes lost the current,
When some wild rapid in the stream would whirl;
But soon a Master Hand beyond the torrent
Freed my frail shallop from the dreaded swirl.
My voyage nears its close. In some still haven
My bark will find an anchorage of rest,
When that kind Hand, which every good has given,
Opening with wider grace, shall give the best."

Her funeral was held at the Church of the Disciples with which she had been so long connected. It was noticeable how cosmopolitan in character was the great congregation that gathered to express their sorrow at her going. It included people of many nationalities, many religious faiths, and from all walks in life, rich and poor, white and black, the most famous in the land and the most obscure. All alike loved and honored her. The principal address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association. A

touching feature of the funeral was a song entitled "In Tears of Grief," sung by twelve blind pupils from the Perkins Institute, the school for the blind which was established by Dr. Howe, and in which Mrs. Howe had been so deeply interested all her life. Perhaps most impressive of all was the fact that while the services were going on in the church every public school on Boston suspended its regular exercises, and devoted half an hour to the memory of the great and beloved woman who had gone, by reading or reciting her poems, singing her Battle Hymn, or otherwise recalling her rare life, her exalted character and the services of so many kinds which she had rendered to Boston and to the world.

I may fittingly close with some lines from Mrs. Howe's pen. She entitled them "An Epitaph." We may think of them as written to mark her own resting place—

"Overgrow my grave,
Kindly grass!
Do not wave
To those who pass
A single mournful thought
Of affection come to nought.
Look up to the blue
There, light-hid,
Lives what doth renew
Man's chrysalid.
Say not: She is here;
Say not: She is there;
Say: She lives in God,
Reigning everywhere!"

Hartford, Conn. U. S. A.
December 5th, 1910.

HORACE GREELEY, THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN EDITORS

We in America have recently passed the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horace Greeley, the most widely known and the most influential newspaper editor that this country has produced. Much public attention has been given to the anniversary. I wonder if my readers would be interested in a very short sketch of this remarkable man to whom the cause of liberty and progress in America owes so much.

Mr. Greeley died in the year 1872, seven years after the close of the great Civil War which put an end to slavery on the American Continent. I never had any personal acquaintance with him, but I saw him and heard him lecture several times in my early life; and what was more important, I was a regular reader of his widely circulated and very powerful paper, *The New York Weekly Tribune*, during all the later years of my boyhood and the earlier years of my manhood; so that, looking back now over my life, I can see that my political thinking was probably moulded by him more than by any other influence.

Nor am I able to regret that this was so; because he early taught me to carry moral judgment into politics, and made me understand and realize that political questions involving moral principles can never be settled permanently until

they are settled in harmony with justice to all parties concerned, whether white or black, rich or poor.

Mr. Greeley was, above all else, a journalist. He lived in a time when it was possible for a great editor to make himself a personal power through his pen, to a degree which now, in this day of impersonal journalism, when commercial and other money considerations weigh so much even on the editorial page, is quite impossible.

His great influence as a journalist was probably due primarily to two causes. One was his unquestioned ability and power as a writer. He had every intellectual and moral quality necessary to make a great editor. He had extraordinary breadth and grasp of mind; marvellous quickness and sureness in getting hold of facts, and tenacity of memory in retaining them; a style of writing as clear as sunlight; great vigour and terseness of statement; logic as strong as iron; humor in its place; withering sarcasm in its place; great coolness where coolness was needed; fervour and passion where warmth was required; moral indignation against wrong; political foresight and judgment, and the keenest possible instinct as to the wants of the people and the things that they really cared for.

The second cause of his great influence as a journalist was undoubtedly his disinterestedness, his honesty, his transparency of character, his unselfish devotion to the public good. The people very early came to feel that he could be

trusted. His paper was his own; there was no moneyed syndicate controlling it and dictating what should be its editorial policy. His pen was his own; he was in the world to say the things that he believed to be true and needed, no matter who objected. He hated cant and lies and deceit. When he spoke through his paper to his vast constituency, every man knew he meant what he said. There was no sham, no beating about the bush, no apology; he had no axe to grind. He cared for the country and for the good of all the people, and the people soon found it out. He believed in the people, and as a consequence the people soon believed in him. He did not always tell them smooth things, or flattering things, or things that they liked. On the contrary, he often said things that they did not like. But they knew his words were the words of an honest man, and of a friend, and they liked him the better for his fearlessness.

Horace Greeley reminds one of Benjamin Franklin. By his own efforts he worked his way up from poverty and obscurity to fame and great influence as Franklin did. He had much of Franklin's shrewd common sense; much of his simplicity of character; much of his keenness of observation, humor, command of the clearest and most vigorous Anglo-Saxon, power to say things in a way to arrest attention and to make them stick in men's mind "Like a nail in a sure place."

Greeley also reminds one of Abraham Lincoln. It is easy to think of him as a sort of

New England Lincoln. He came as straight from the people as Lincoln did and he cared as much for them all his life. He could reach the hearts of the people as surely by his pen as Lincoln by his speech. He was as incorruptible as Lincoln.

Greeley rendered several great and signal services to the American people which should not be forgotten.

It was he who caused the nomination of Lincoln to the presidency. In the light of history we today can see that this was a service to the country of the highest possible importance.

Probably it is true to say that Greeley was more influential than any other man, not even excepting John Brown or Charles Sumner, in saving Kansas from the "border ruffians" and making it a free instead of a slave state.

Greeley did a great service to the West in stimulating emigration from the East to the new states of the Mississippi valley. His advice, "Go West, young man," was the bugle call that aroused thousands of the most vigorous and competent young men of the East and sent them into the then western wilderness, to become prime factors in building up that great, rich and powerful new empire which now stretches from the Allegheny Mountains to the Missouri River.

In another way Mr. Greeley rendered a very great service to the American people. It was in stimulating an interest in intelligent and improved agriculture. He bought a farm outside of New York and during his later years made his home

there. This farm he endeavoured to manage scientifically. He published a book entitled "What I Know of Farming." The book and his farm operations were often laughed at; but the book was widely read and had a large influence among the rural population of the whole north. And what was still more important, Mr. Greeley made *The Weekly Tribune*, which had a large circulation among farmers, a constant medium through which to convey valuable information regarding improved methods of farming. When the *Tribune* began its work there were in the United States no agricultural colleges. If we were to single out the man who could most truthfully be called the father of the great number of agricultural colleges now existing in this country, probably it would be Horace Greeley.

Still another thing of great service to the country he did. He made the *Tribune* an ever alert and most efficient agency all the while for the diffusion of general knowledge and the promotion of general culture. As an editor he always kept himself surrounded by writers who could instruct the people and interest them in literature and science, and who had skill to give them the best that was being thought and said in the world.

Thus he made the *Tribune* a sort of general People's University, which brought its treasures of new thought and new knowledge every week to men's own doors in tens of thousands of homes.

No paper had ever rendered so valuable a

service of this kind to the people of the country before; and it is doubtful if any has since.

Mr. Greeley's service to the anti-slavery cause was very great, hardly less than that of William Lloyd Garrison. He was not so extreme an abolitionist as Garrison, and therefore his word was listened to in many places where Garrison could get no hearing. Moreover, Greeley possessed the advantage of having a great and powerful paper, that went from one end of the north to the other as a vehicle to carry his anti-slavery word. Probably at no other time in the history of the American nation has any periodical exerted such an influence for political and moral reform as that wielded by Mr. Greeley's *Tribune* for twenty years and more before and during the Civil War. To hundreds of thousands of earnest thinking men, particularly in the middle states and the West, *The Weekly Tribune* was a veritable Bible. They watched for the coming of each number with an eagerness which we in these days can hardly imagine. Horace Greeley was not only their political teacher and leader, but their conscience, their prophet of public and political righteousness. They felt that the battle which he was fighting, and to which he summoned them, was not merely a political battle, but deepest of all moral battles, a battle for human justice, for the rights of man. For it should be borne in mind that the *Tribune* was not simply and only on the side of anti-slavery, but it was on the side of humanity generally. As

was declared by Dr. James Freeman Clarke at the time of Greeley's death:

“For a quarter of a century *The New York Tribune* was the most conspicuous platform in this country from which any distinct word on behalf of universal justice and freedom and humanity could get itself heard by the nation.”

The moral and political value of such a paper was inestimable. The moral service it rendered to the country was beyond price.

Of course, Horace Greeley had his defects. He had some striking defects. None knew them better than his warmest friends and admirers. But men almost loved him for his very defects, because they were the defects of his splendid qualities — defects that grew out of his heroism, his mighty will, his almost fanatical love of justice, his unsleeping care for the interests of the people, his scorn of wrong, his hatred of all cant, deceit, and meanness.

It is of interest to us here today to bear in mind that Horace Greeley, in his religious faith, was a liberal. During all the later years of his New York life he was a regular attendant and supporter of the Church of the Divine Paternity, the Universalist Church on Fifth Avenue, whose pastor was the distinguished and honored Dr. Edwin H. Chapin. Though Mr. Greeley seldom or never discussed theological questions in the *Tribune*, he steadily shaped the influence of his paper in the direction of a broad, reasonable and humane interpretation of religion.

Said one who knew Mr. Greeley well:

“Whatever were his eccentricities or errors of judgment, he could always be depended on to speak and act uprightly. He was a true, pure, noble man, more admirable in what he was than in what he did, even though he did more than any other man of his time to mould the public press, and to educate the American people.”

The memory and influence of such a man is a priceless heritage not only to his own nation, but to the world.

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

One of the first public acts of President Taft, after assuming charge of the Government of the United States, in 1909, was to offer to Dr. Eliot, who had recently resigned the presidency of Harvard University, the high office of Ambassador to Great Britain. The offer was greeted with general approval throughout the land, it being the almost universal feeling that Dr. Eliot was the one man in the nation best fitted to fill that honorable and responsible position. The regret was deep and widespread, both in America and Great Britain, when it was learned that he had declined the offer. However, the refusal to go to the Court of St. James as the representative of his country, did not mean that his country would lose his services. It simply meant that he elected to serve her at home instead of abroad. And it is questionable whether, during the seventeen years of life that still remained to him, the service which he rendered to his country, by voice and by pen, as a great leader, not only in the whole field of education but on well-nigh every other field connected with the nation's highest life, was exceeded, if equalled, by that of any other American.

Harvard University, located in Cambridge, near to Boston, is the oldest, one of the largest, and quite the most famous and influential, univer-

sity in America. Dr. Eliot was its president just forty years, until his resignation in 1909. This means that he was chosen to that important position very young — at the age of thirty-five.

He was born in Boston, his father having been a Mayor of that city and a member of the United States Congress. His education was received in the schools of Boston, in Harvard College and in Europe. His special training was in chemistry, in which he made himself a master and an authority. His first teaching was done as a tutor in mathematics at Harvard, then as an assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry at Harvard, and later as assistant professor of analytical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. After eleven years of successful work in these institutions and three years of special study in Europe, he was chosen to the position which he filled so long and with such distinction, as President of his *alma mater*.

Nearly all the preceding presidents of Harvard had been men of distinction, generally of literary distinction, and far along in years, and for the most part clergymen. It was a great innovation to choose one so young, who was practically unknown to the world, and whose special training and work had been those of a scientist. A friend of the college, who feared that he had not sufficient maturity, said warningly to the Board of Overseers, when they were considering whether or not they should call him to so responsible a position: "Remember he is a

very young man; he will have time enough to leave tremendous effects upon the history of the institution. You should be doubly sure that you are getting the right man." But they knew his quality, and the bold step which they took was abundantly justified.

Harvard College was established in 1636, only sixteen years after the settlement of New England by the English. A very large number of the most distinguished men of the United States, in all departments of public life, have received their education within its walls. Its growth during Dr. Eliot's presidency was remarkable. When he entered upon his office, it had in the neighbourhood of 1,000 students, with a faculty of instruction numbering 58, and invested funds amounting to about 2,500,000 dollars. At the end of his presidency, the students numbered more than 5,000, distributed among the various departments as follows: Undergraduate School of Arts and Sciences, 2,227; Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, 463; Graduate School of Business Administration, 72; Divinity School, 52; Law School, 802; Medical School, 278; Dental School, 116; University Extension, including Summer School, 1,106. The faculty of instruction numbered 634, and the invested funds of the University had reached the great sum of 23,000,000 dollars.*

*In the twenty-five years since Dr. Eliot resigned from the presidency, the University has grown to such an extent in its number of students and faculty, its equipment and its financial

Soon after President Eliot entered upon his office, it began to be rumored that new methods, revolutionary methods, were afoot, such as caused the quiet, staid, old-fashioned conservatives upon the Faculty, to shake their heads doubtfully, if not ominously. "How is it," they began to ask, "that we have been going on in the same orderly and approved paths for two or three centuries, and now, within three or four months, this young man proposes to disturb everything, and change all our methods?"

In 1870, a year after the new president began his work, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a professor in the Medical School, wrote,—

"King Log has made room for **King Stork**. Mr. Eliot makes **the Governing Corporation** meet twice a month instead of once. He comes to all the meetings of the Faculty, and keeps us up until 11 or 12 o'clock at night, discussing new arrangements. He shows an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the University. We are some of us disposed to think him perhaps a little too much in a hurry."

A year later, Dr. Holmes wrote again,—

"Our president has turned the whole University over like a cake. There never was such a bouleversement as that in our Medical faculty It is so curious to see a young man like Eliot with an organized brain, a firm will, a grave, calm, dignified presence, taking the

resources, that, in order to describe it as it is now, some of the figures given above must be more than doubled.

reins of our classical coach-and-four: feeling the horses' mouths, putting a check on this one's capers, and touching that one with the lash; turning up everywhere, in every faculty, on every public occasion, at every dinner, and taking it all as if he had been born a President."

In truth, all this was not quite so strange as it looked at first sight, for it should be stated that the new president was not acting blindly in his reforms. As a fact, while pursuing his studies in Chemistry in Europe, during the years 1863 to 1865, he had devoted much time to the investigation of educational systems and methods, and therefore had become possessed of a wide and solid basis of knowledge on which to build his later plans for educational improvements at Harvard.

But even more important than his knowledge, was his ability, his natural fitness for large administrative work. As Dr. Holmes suggested, he had been 'born a president'. He had been endowed with extraordinary **organizing** and executive talent,—with **that** highest administrative quality which **enables** its possessor to grasp every scheme, no matter how large it may be, in its entirety, and at the same time in its most minute details. Boldness, carefulness, efficiency, and economy, had all been combined in his administration. It has been well said of him that "his gift for leadership, his discrimination in the choice of men, and his power to conceive and execute great plans, have made him the most conspicuous figure during

the last half of the nineteenth century, in the field of American Education."

His reorganization of the institution at whose head he was placed, was thorough, extending throughout all its departments. He introduced new methods of instruction. He set out to obtain the best teachers that could be found in the country, and to this end, secured the payment of higher salaries. He planned new, larger and better furnished laboratories, and museums and buildings. He called for large financial resources. He was one of the earliest and strongest advocates of the elective system, a system which gives to courses of study much greater variety and elasticity than was formerly permitted. He constantly encouraged advanced or graduate (post-graduate) study, and built up a large graduate department in the University. He labored to promote the highest standards of education, insisting that a degree obtained at Harvard must be made to rank as high, must mean as thorough scholarship, as good work done and much of it, as a corresponding degree granted by any University in the world.

At the same time, he equally insisted that Harvard must be thoroughly democratic in its education, giving as cordial welcome, and furnishing as full and complete facilities for culture and training to the poor as to the rich, to the black as to the white. Thus while the University today includes among its students, the sons of many of the richest men of the country, it includes many

others, who pay their way partly or wholly by their own earnings, and it is seldom or never without negro students in its classes, who are treated with the same consideration by their teachers and by the university officials as sons of millionaires, or of men holding the highest public positions in the nation.

It is interesting to notice that students from foreign countries began coming to Harvard in Dr. Eliot's time in considerable numbers, and have been coming ever since in numbers still greater. It was the prestige which he gave the institution that drew them. Many of the men who have filled, and are now filling, distinguished positions in the governments, the colleges and universities, the armies and navies of Japan and China, and other Asiatic nations, are Harvard graduates.

Some students have come to Harvard from India. At the time of Dr. Eliot's resignation, there were four, of whom Professor Lanman, Professor of Sanskrit, wrote: "They have all passed good examinations, and I have excellent accounts not only of their studies but also of their behaviour." Indian students have come in greater numbers later. Probably there is no institution of higher learning in America or Europe where they are more heartily welcomed, or where they find better advantages for pursuing almost every branch of knowledge.

With all the great service that Dr. Eliot rendered to Harvard University, he did not confine his interest or his efforts to that institution; on

the contrary, his services to education were as wide as the nation. To an extraordinary degree, he kept himself in touch with all the educational forces and interests and the leading educational men of the land. Thus he made his influence felt powerfully in moulding the whole of American higher education, literary, scientific, technical, medical, law, sociological, and even theological; nor did his influence stop at advanced education, but was felt almost as strongly in secondary and even primary education.

During the later years of his career too, after leaving the presidency of Harvard, he took a prominent and an increasing part in public affairs, entirely outside of the educational field. The improvement of municipal government in America, and the great and pressing questions connected with the relations of capital and labor, and the great movement for the abolition or limitation of wars by international arbitration, especially engaged his attention. On these subjects few men spoke or wrote with riper knowledge or greater weight of judgment. It was on account of the high place he held as a leader of public thought in these and other directions, as well as his eminence as an educator, that he was urged by President Taft to become the representative of his country at the Court of St. James.

Besides having received honorary degrees from a number of leading universities, Dr. Eliot was made a member of the Legion of Honor of

France, and was decorated by the Mikado of Japan, with the Order of the Rising Sun, and by the German Emperor with the Order of the Crown of Prussia.

He delivered many noteworthy addresses, scientific and other, and was author of a number of books, among which were the following:—"A Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis," "A Manual of Inorganic Chemistry," "Annual Reports" as President of Harvard University from 1869 to 1909, "Educational Reform," "More Money for the Public Schools," "American Universities," "A Happy Life," "Four American Leaders," "Five Contributions to American Civilization," "The Future of Trade Unionism" and "Capitalism in a Democracy." The titles of these books show the range of his thought and his interests.

Dr. Eliot was the personal friend and companion of many of the most distinguished literary men and women of America, as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Julia Ward Howe. It was said of him that in a sense, he was the sum of them all; that he combined in himself their wit and wisdom, their geniality, their broad and sure outlook of life, and their high character.

In addition to all his other services, President Eliot showed the country how a man may carry enormous responsibilities and achieve great things all his life, and yet arrive at the great age

of ninety years and beyond, neither a nervous invalid, nor a dyspeptic, and without a sign of old age, and as able to do hard mental work as at any time in his career.

It should not be overlooked or forgotten that Dr. Eliot was a deeply religious man. Neither his private life nor his public career can be understood without bearing this constantly in mind. Throughout all his adult years, religion was a concern to him second to no other. He would never allow anything else to overshadow it. However pressing his duties, he always took time to discharge his religious responsibilities. He believed that religion is not less important than science; that religious institutions are not less needed than homes and schools and governments; that conquest over physical nature, inventions, machines, material wealth, are worthless, if not worse than worthless, unless dominated and controlled by moral principle.

In his personal religious faith he was an earnest Unitarian, and on Sunday mornings, was always in his pew at the First Unitarian Church in Cambridge. Near the end of his life, he wrote: "If I am thankful for anything in this world, as I am for the many privileges of my lot, I am thankful that I was born into and have always lived in the simple, fundamental convictions of the Unitarian faith. To propagate that faith is, to my thinking, a holy thing." Yet he was one of the broadest-minded and most unsectarian of men. To him breadth of thought and

appreciation of everything good, under whatsoever name, was fundamental in Unitarianism. He was a friend to all the churches, and to all intelligent and sincere religious movements. He believed not only in Christianity but also in all the other great religious faiths of the world. He recognized serious defects in all, in Christianity as well as in the others; but he also recognized good in all. What he wanted was to have all become enlightened and purified, their good preserved, their defects eliminated, their eyes opened to new truth, and all of them set to the task of serving God by serving men, to the holy work of helping God create a better world and a wiser and nobler humanity.

While he cared little for religious forms and ceremonies and outward observances, and little for theological dogmas and creeds and ecclesiastical authorities, he cared tremendously for religion in the heart and the life. He believed that enlightened and true religion is the greatest possible purifier of human motives, quickener of human consciences, ennobler of human ideals, enlarger, deepener and enricher of human lives, and, what is not least important, the most powerful moral dynamic the world has ever found.

He would have religion free from all tyrannies and compulsions, whether ecclesiastical or civil; otherwise, as he believed, it could not do its best work or be its best self. Thus he would have no connection between church and state, with

civil authorities dictating men's religion and trampling on their consciences. At the same time, he would have no ecclesiastical authorities, or creeds, or assumed sacred and infallible books, commanding what men must think and believe. He believed freedom of the soul to be as important as freedom of the body. These principles he carried out in all his relations with the university. He would consent to no religious tests for teachers or students. Free thinking, perfect freedom of investigation, and inquiry were not only permitted but encouraged. He believed that only in such an atmosphere could true religion or true manhood be developed.

The same spirit and the same principles he carried also into all matters of student government and student discipline. He insisted on giving to the students large freedom. He trusted them. He placed them on their honor. He treated them as gentlemen, and expected them to conduct themselves as such. He wanted them to govern themselves, not to be governed, because he wanted them to become morally strong. This plan was never departed from except in the extremest cases; and the plan worked. Almost without exception, the students straightened up under the confidence reposed in them. I think it would not be going beyond the truth if I stated that in no large university in this country was there then, or has there been since, less rowdyism or disorder, or a more settled tradition of cultured, manly, self-respecting student behavior, than in

Harvard under Dr. Eliot. And the tradition, so finely and firmly inaugurated, has continued.

Late in his life, Dr. Eliot rendered to the public, and to the cause of education broadly considered, a unique, wholly unlooked-for, but as it turned out, a very important service. I refer to what is popularly known as his "*Five-Foot Shelf of Books*." In one of his lectures he told his audience that if any man or woman, in America, or elsewhere, would conscientiously and persistently devote fifteen minutes a day to reading the best books, he or she could, in a very few years, obtain a liberal education, become a truly educated person. The thought impressed his hearers; was caught up by the press and carried widely over the country; interested the public and soon began to interest educators. Dr. Eliot was asked to make out a list of books which would serve the purpose that he had in mind. He did so, and soon announced a list of fifty volumes, which could all be placed on a shelf five feet long. Furthermore, he took pains, with the help of Harvard professors, to edit the various books carefully, so as to make them the most easily understood possible and the most useful possible.*

Of course, publishers saw that here was something important for them. Very soon the fifty books were gathered together and issued as a set, attractive in appearance, in excellent type,

*From this close association of the books with Harvard University, they have often been called the "Harvard Classics," as well as "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Book Shelf."

with uniform bindings, at specially low prices, and very extensively advertised. The uniqueness and real value of the educational idea involved, and the great prestige of the names "Eliot" and "Harvard," carried the Book-Shelf idea far and wide. Great numbers of people, in all walks of life, who were not able to go to college, seeing in it a way to make good their lack, took it up with enthusiasm (was not here a college at their own door?). Nor was this all. Many college graduates also took it up, recognizing it as a means of rounding out the narrowness of their college work, that is to say, furnishing the larger intelligence, the broader culture, the knowledge of the great world of men and thought and things, which they realized the value of, but which the necessary limits of college years and college conditions had failed to give them. Thus thousands of men and women, some of them by no means young, took up and carried far, an interesting and immensely valuable course of reading and study, which they would never have undertaken or even thought of, except for President Eliot's wise and happy suggestion. The suggestion came at a fortunate time too, shortly before these recent years of terrible business depression, when so many millions of persons have been thrown out of work and made compulsory idlers. It is known that to great numbers of these men and women the Eliot plan has been a boon almost priceless, turning their awful and prolonged calamity in some degree into a blessing by enabling them to obtain an

important education which otherwise would have been out of their reach, and, what is still more important, saving more persons than ever will be known from unbearable despondency, nervous breakdown, despair, insanity, even suicide. This unique service of Dr. Eliot to his country, the thought of which came to him so late in life, and almost as an accident, which has blossomed out after his death into results so much larger and more important than he could have dreamed, must be added to the rest, if we would truly estimate the value of his great life.

What was Dr. Eliot's personal appearance? No one has answered better than John Haynes Holmes, who was his pupil and warm personal friend. Says Dr. Holmes:

"Charles William Eliot at ninety-two, the time of his death, was the first American citizen of his time and one of the great men of the nineteenth century."

He looked it. His tall, alert, stately, well-poised frame — his superb head, with its strong and solemn profile — his majestic presence, dominating by sheer force of innate grandeur, as a mountain dominates a landscape, every company in which he stood — these were unforgettable whether seen in the Harvard President presiding at commencement exercises, in the public speaker standing before a great audience, or in the religious worshipper sitting quietly in his pew.

He spoke it. His words were simple, straightforward, unadorned — but they had the

immortal beauty of a Doric temple or a New England meeting-house. They were delivered in a voice of a strangely haunting, silvery, bell-like quality which can never be forgotten by any one who heard it. His style had the repose and the authority of Nature. Speaking in all parts of the country through half a century of time, President Eliot, following hard upon Abraham Lincoln, did more than any other single influence anywhere to change the whole character of American oratory from the ponderous eloquence of a Webster to the classic beauty of a Woodrow Wilson.

He acted it! He moved like the tidal flow of great waters, or the rhythmic sweep of planets in their orbits — silently, without haste or passion, yet with a cosmic certitude. We have no doubt that he was often tempted to hurry — but he never did. He must at times have craved the relief of wrathful utterance or tempestuous explosion of temper, but he never indulged. There was heat in Eliot, be sure of that! But it burst forth in no foolish fireworks, exploded in no spectacular and destructive eruptions. It was harnessed, this heat, like steam in an engine, and did its work smoothly, easily, majestically, powerfully, like a beautiful, well-oiled, perfectly geared machine.

Whenever placed and under whatever circumstances, Dr. Eliot always acted his part without seeming effort, with utter modesty, without a trace of pose. More than any other man whom I have ever seen, he manifested in every act and look,

and all unconsciously to himself, the greatness of which he was made. As I think of him, he looms before me as in statues like some tall tower by the sea!

